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New Mexico Quarterly

DELGADINA

a short novel of the Southwest

by Ramon J. Sender

THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION

a survey by Peter G. Earle

THE TRAILS THAT CROSSED

Southwestern juvenile books

by Lucille B. Mulcahy

ADAM HAD THREE BROTHERS

a story by R. A. Lafferty

SEVENTEEN POEMS

Elizabeth Baity, Kenneth Beaudoin, Hayden Carruth, Ann Darr,
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BOOK REVIEWS

75 cents

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DELGADINA

a short novel by

RAMÓN J. SENDER

ONE OF THE MANY WOMEN attending the wake approached La Serrana and said to her, "Have you noticed what's happening to your dead brother's bed?"

They went into the mortuary bedroom. The headboard of the bed was carved in Renaissance style with two figures of Pan playing the flute and dancing inside a medallion in the center. The figures of Pan had goat horns and hooves.

"Don't you see? We could put him another bed, but that would be a waste of time because again demons would appear in the wood with all their horns and trumpets."

She insisted that before Penquero's body was laid there the bed did not have those evil figures on the headboard. "The wood was smooth and clean." Someone claimed to have seen how the polished wood formed sprouting buds and how suddenly those satanic figures appeared and took form—the horns, the hooves, the tails. . . .

Only women were in that room and most of them had rosaries dangling from their hands. One could hear the murmur of a voice and the name of Penquero. A *penquero* is the most humble ranch hand who takes care of the *pencos*, the animals abandoned by their mothers because of physical defects. They called him this by force of habit and without intending to offend him. Every shepherd is a penquero in his childhood, but the nickname had stuck with him as a token of humility and insignificance. Even after he herded sheep by the thousand and still later when he managed the ranch nobody remembered his real name, Paco Serrano.

They always tell stories at a wake. The women, tales of horror, and the men, rather risqué stories about women.

One could say what he pleased of the Serranos, but when the sister of the deceased cast a glance about, more than one woman shrank to her navel. The only thing they blamed her for that night—in whispers and behind her back—was that she didn't cry. Whoever heard of a wake without wailing? Surely the deceased was grieving in the other world.

An old woman with a black guitar across her knees drew the air in through her nose and said, "The Serranos aren't crying because they are pleased to see Penquero in the master's bed and all these people coming to look at him."

Around her rose a buzz of approbation.

Penquero had spent his whole life as a shepherd on the ranch of the rich Aranda family. His daughter Delgadina—now dead—had been seduced by the only son of the Arandas. But the boy had really been in love with her.

A great deal had happened. Now Delgadina's son was coming and going through the corridors with his spurs jangling.

For many years and with aspersive and vile intent they had been calling Penquero's daughter "Delgadina." Even now relatives of the Arandas (who could never abide the Serranos) persisted in their venomous allusions. The old woman with the black guitar began to recite a ballad with the rhythm of a Mexican corrido. It was a romance which had been circulating through those valleys for over four centuries. This romance was an offense to the memory of the deceased, to La Serrana, and also to the youth wearing spurs. A startled silence fell all around. Then there was a bit of nervous murmuring and finally the hush returned. The old woman sang:

*The good king had three daughters,
All beautiful and fair.
They called the youngest daughter
Delgadina there.
"O slender Delgadina,
I bid you be my love."
"O God, forbid that union,
The Virgin, too, above,
That I should ever be so
Enamoured of my sire."
Into the inmost chamber
The king bade her retire.
Just salted meat for dinner
They sent and nothing more,
And not a drop of water
For all she did implore.*

Here the old woman looked about apprehensively and seeing no member of the Serrano branch of the family in the room—the family of the deceased—she went ahead with the last four verses. The guitar provided a discreet harmony:

*Next morning from her window
The maiden did behold
Her mother down below her
Upon a throne of gold.
"O Mother, like a mother,
Bring water ere I'm lost.
I'm dying I'm so thirsty,
I'm yielding up the ghost."
"Be silent, bitch of Satan,
Be still, accursed bitch.
Seven years with you I've suffered,
Seven years betrayed, bewitched...."*

She paused again. Nearby a woman was explaining to her neighbors: "The one singing is a distant cousin of the Arandas. That's why she's so bold, and I say bully for her."

The old woman continued:

*The next day Delgadina
Looked out and she did spy
Her sisters spinning damask
Beneath the open sky.
"O sisters, be like sisters,
Bring water ere I'm lost.
I'm dying I'm so thirsty,
I'm yielding up the ghost."
"We'd rather pierce our needles
Clean through your lovely jaw."
Then Delgadina ventured
To look again and saw
Her brothers down below her
Hurling javelins on the lawn.
"O brothers, be like brothers,
Bring water ere I'm lost."*

*I'm dying I'm so thirsty,
I'm yielding up the ghost."
"We dare not, Delgadina,
We dare not come to you.
Our life would be damnation
If father ever knew."*

Alongside the singer other women nodded their heads understandingly, judiciously, compassionately.

*Then Delgadina clambered
To get a better view.
She saw her father pacing
Undecided what to do.
"O Father, like a father,
Bring water ere I'm lost.
I'm dying I'm so thirsty,
I'm yielding up the ghost."
"I'll bring it, Delgadina,
But keep your word, I say."
"Though I am loath to do so
Indeed, I will today."
"O hasten, little pages,
To Delgadina's side.
The first to bring her water
Shall have her as his bride;
The last who comes to aid her
Shall be forever damned."
Some went with gold and others
Brought chests with silver crammed.
The steeple bells were ringing,
Their knelling tolled on high.
The first to bring his treasure
Saw Delgadina die.
By Delgadina's bedside
The Heavenly Host abound;
And with a host of demons
Her father's bed is crowned.*

When the ballad was finished Efrain appeared in the doorway smoking his marijuana. He was an old friend of the deceased. "A right decent corpse, this Señor Paco the Penquero. May he rest in peace."

He said this as though pained by the romance.

Behind him in the doorway La Serrana and Paco also appeared. The boy wearing spurs asked who was reciting the romance of Delgadina. No one answered. "Are the Aranda hags afraid?" he asked defiantly. For the moment he gave up trying to find out who it had been and the three of them left again. The woman who had recited the ballad rolled a cigarette with trembling fingers and spilled half of the tobacco. "Some sonobiches gave them wind of it," she said.

Here and there they laughed and repeated the last lines of the romance:

And with a host of demons. . . .

Everybody was thinking about the demons with goats' hooves and horns that danced in the wooden oval of the headboard. Somewhat later La Serrana showed up again and repeated the question: "Who was singing?"

Someone repeated the last lines: "And with a host of demons. . . ."

These words were heard in every corner of the room as though repeated by an echo. "The truth of the matter," someone ventured, "is that Delgadina, Penquero's daughter, died up in the Pedrizas high country without benefit of religion. And they buried her in a sandpit."

La Serrana heard this and held her tongue. Paco, Delgadina's son, was moving about, pleased to see his grandfather in the Arandas' bed. He stopped in the doorway and La Serrana told him something. Then the young man slowly approached the old woman who had been singing, took the guitar from her hands, put it on the floor, and with no display of anger set first one foot and then the other on top of it. He crushed it. The old woman made the sign of the cross. Then Paco made her get up and led her into the mortuary bedroom.

Once there he said, "You don't offend me with your words, but you'll have to beg my grandfather's pardon."

She threatened to call the men of her family who were Arandas. Paco rubbed her nose against the shoes of the corpse and made her kneel. The old woman trembled under Paco's hand which he ground into her shoul-

der. When she was able to get free she returned to her corner and sat down. She sat there in silence, staring at the smashed guitar. She kept moving her lips but what she said was inaudible. In the distance, on the other hand, one could hear the whinny of a horse or the honk of an automobile horn. A gleam from the headlights of some automobile pierced through the low windows. De luxe cars driven by ranchers with manure on their dirty boots parked or departed. Some men stood out in front of the house where a great bonfire was burning. Around the fire they laughed and chatted and passed the bottle and chunks of roasted meat.

A murmur of prayers began in the mortuary chamber and spread to the neighboring rooms. All the women were praying except La Serrana who kept going back and forth, supervising everything and passing wine around.

Paco took the glass which a servant brought him on a tray. The old women waved their mourning veils and dresses like so many bats and lowered their noses to show reverence for that hand of Delgadina which, according to rumor, had come out of the earth above her grave. One of the old women said that Santa Catalina de Alejandria had gone to the sandpit up on the mountain and scattered handfuls of rose petals over the tomb. It seemed that Santa Catalina was resting her hand on a "wheel or disk of knives and razors," as they said in another ballad of the early colonial times.

Suddenly the old woman started asserting that Delgadina was a saint, but still nobody repudiated the basis for the scandal—the calumnious relationship between father and daughter. All this just because Delgadina was young and beautiful and used to spend a lot of time up in the mountains alone with her widowed father. People with dirty minds talked.

The old woman who recited the romance of Delgadina was beginning to recover from the scare Paco had given her and recounted with exaggerated gestures how the "gentleman" had rubbed her nose against the dead man's feet and how she had threatened to call in the men of her family. The other old women listened and in whispers gossiped with their neighbors.

It was already midnight and still it hadn't occurred to anyone to sing an alabado—an improvised song of praise—in honor of the deceased. In place of eulogy thrived only whispered depreciation. Among the Arandas, of course.

Paco clenched an extinguished cigar between his teeth. Efrain approached him with an enormous lighter and tried to light it. Efrain dared not return to

the funeral chamber nor to look at the body. He was afraid and Paco teased him. "It won't be long till you follow him, Efrain, you son of a bitch."

Efrain only blubbered. "You should have respect for age, Paco. Remember that I knew your very own mother."

Paco continued—"The wood's already cut and dried to box you up with, Efrain. And the nails to close it with are already unpackaged and lying about somewhere." Efrain trembled as he smoked his marijuana.

About this time Juan Badinas came in from the corral, sidled over to Paco and said that if his grace saw fit he would sing an alabado in the room of the deceased. Paco looked at him suspiciously. Badinas was an old man with cold eyes and an intense face. Moreover, he had never held the deceased in the slightest esteem. Paco put an arm around his shoulder. "Suit yourself, but first let's have a drink."

Outside the house they had started two more bonfires and the ranchers huddled around to get warm. Others went through the back door into the kitchen where there was wine and ham. Afterwards they went in to view the body and then returned to the rear portal because the air inside the rooms, thick with fumes from the burned tapers and the murmur of prayers, made them a little dizzy. They ate hot chile peppers to stimulate their thirst and laughed, their chins gleaming with reflected fire.

From the right side of the house came the sound of prayer. All the ranchers agreed that it was a fine wake. "It's been years since we've seen one with so many people," someone said.

Some gringos who didn't understand Spanish also arrived, and Paco received them laughing and called them "old bastards." One of these men was the lawyer who years before had defended Penquero and saved him in the most dreadful moment of his life. He looked around like a frightened bird, afraid of finding the dead man in every nook and cranny of the house.

La Serrana, sister of the deceased, had gone to her room to rest a while. She sat down on the bed without turning on the light. Light from the bonfires was reflected on the windowpanes. In the distance she heard the voice of a mourner who was just finishing the first rosary. Thinking of her duties to the deceased she left her room again and entered the funeral chamber. In the corridor she saw Paco walking along with Juan Badinas.

Paco placed a low stool at the foot of the corpse's bed and Badinas, the

general foreman, sat down in such a way that poor old Penquero's patent leather shoes were just above his head, indeed, almost resting on it. The entire room was steeped in the black fluids of night. Candle lights flickered. At last the mourner stopped praying, kissed the cross on his rosary, and remained silent. Juan Badinas, who was holding a guitar across his knees, spoke:

"My alabado is not for Señor Penquero here present, but for his daughter, the Señora Delgadina who died over twenty years ago and for whom no one yet has had words of commendation. And well did she deserve them. Señora Irene Serrano (he corrected the name) was an example of virtue, and though I am the first to acknowledge it to this company with my head high, still my heart is filled with remorse."

From the opposite end of the room the professional mourner, an old man with a voice of stilted resonance, raised his hand to signal silence since the prayers were not yet finished. He continued speaking a sonorous prose that seemed to vibrate in his chest with vacillating rhythms and half rhymes. "Most holy God, almighty and immortal God, bestow upon the late Penquero the viaticum of Heaven and grant him haven in the eternal habitation of the righteous, the resting place of Carmel. May ancient skulls see once again through eyes renewed and then may bones within the grave arise together praising Thee, O Lord of highways and of the hopeless and of those who died but still unburied lie, of those who gave their lives upon the battlefields in Christian conflict with the Moors. Three stars there are, three Marys, three men crucified. The center one has blood, broken bones the others have; carnations has the center one, of our eternal God the son; living snakes the others have for arms and legs. The center one takes love; the others hatefulness and carnage. And in the house Saint Joseph is alone and playing the piano, the while Saint John draws near the palace of Pilate. O God, give shelter to this lamb from Thy most precious flock and receive him into Thy most glorious kingdom. Amen."

All the old women responded, "Amen."

Juan Badinas sat in his chair under the feet of the corpse, chewed his gum and waited.

Against the backdrop of the wake the prayer leader looked like a figure cut from paper with pinking shears and his profile dipped and jerked aright from time to time. Paco and La Serrana exchanged glances of misgiving think-

ing of the alabado that Juan Badinas was going to say. He had never been a friend of the deceased. What could he say in such a predicament?

People were crowding into the corridors. Word had gone around that Badinas was going to speak. A worried Paco looked out the door waiting for the rosary to end. On hearing the three amens and seeing the prayer leader cross himself, Juan Badinas cleared his throat and strummed a few chords on the guitar. But the mourner raised his hand, again giving to understand that he was not through, and continued: "For wayfarers lost within this night of shadows without protection and shelter from the windy corners and for skulls filled with remorse and for souls with shackles and fetters and the help of Satan (when he said this name he stamped on the floor as though he had trapped the devil underneath his boot) for those condemned because of trespass to mount the gallows, never to descend again, for those who leave the world at their pleasure and for those who die in madness, for the creature born of a mother undefiled, who comes to life ill-starred and for those who weep when first they see the light of the Lord. For wives abandoned in dishonor, for young men who have gone astray, for him who holds the dagger poised above his victim's throat, for him who has fallen among thieves, for the child of evil seed and for the three roses of the three incarnations, that of the father, son and holy spirit of the dominations, in Jesus' name, Amen."

Tall and rawboned, the hired prayer leader stood staring at the feet of the corpse before him. One old woman told her neighbor in alarm, "As plain as I see you, I saw Penquero open and close his eyes a moment ago."

"Bah," said another old woman, "You always have that impression in front of a corpse."

From the doorway Paco continued to stare at Juan Badinas. He still did not have the attention of everyone. Hands on hips he waited to begin his alabado. The general foreman strummed a couple of flourishes from the guitar and then with upraised face and drowsy eyes began:

"Ay Penquero, your daughter Irene, flower of field and fen, was gentle as virgin lambswool, ay whilom walked as vision and illusion to the people of this ranch, but our almighty Master wanted her to ornament his elevated spheres, and took her in the prime of life. Ay Penquero, your daughter Irene, virgin daughter of the spring, whom we all beheld upon the mountain crest as angel and as human being and also as beloved star of morning, ay, your

daughter Irene, your daughter, Penquero, now you will be with her soul to soul as your mortal bodies both are laid in earth. Ay Penquero, so you leave us in this vale of bitterness and in this land of misery. Ay Penquero, as now you lie before us as a gentleman upon the bed of honest men, ay my friend, how often did the people speak of you licentiously and lie about you without foundation. All this was hearsay, lunacy, for all of us knew that Delgadina was an angel and the most decent little woman in the county, better than all the others. Yes, my honorable friend, illustrious shepherd, behold those gathered here in reverence. We all knew you to be a decent fellow, yet all of us regarded you with rancour. I coveted the very air upon the mountain heights since she inhaled it, and all of us down here in the lowlands despised the valley because she never entered it, and she was the blossom of our hopes, and now we beg forgiveness of you both. Of you as a friend, of her as a venerated saint. Ay compadre Penquero, you who can. . . ."

He continued with this strange prayer filled with echoes crudely musical. While he talked he strummed the guitar not altogether rhythmically, and at the close of each phrase his voice fell in utter sorrow and distress. People clustered in the doorways. La Serrana listened to him thinking about the five dollars which Badinas had owed Penquero all his life. From the distant kitchens came the cries of a woman, whether of laughter or lament one could not tell.

The alabado continued:

"Compadre Penquero who art in heaven with her, tell her to forgive us as God forgave you, Penquero. You and your Señor Aranda whom you filled with lead, and who in that bed breathed his last, and me since I was first to speak calumny and falsehood of Delgadina. I, knowing that from January to January the whole year round she was as pure and undefiled as gold or ice or the first wool of the lamb. I bore false witness against you up in the mountains. Others did it from blindness. The blindness born of hatefulness and passion among the young men of the valleys. And envy among the old men and women on the ranches. But I was the first to throw dirt in your face, to spit poison in ignominy and wrath. When Señora Irene died I saw the heavens open and send forth a shining ray. Upon my eyes, Penquero, the merest ray of Heaven gave me the light of life. My hair turned white, the heart within me utter black, and though I was a stripling, still I walked like an old man. Since then I can't say whether I've been dead or alive. On this

memorable day my footsteps have brought me here, and on the threshold and at the foot of this noble bed, like a brother here I am, all for your daughter's sake and from my deep respect. Here I am, Delgadina, consecrating your memory. Behold me kneeling here, and see how black I am inside. Yesterday I was like a serpent, today like a gentle lamb. Behold me here, Delgadina, humbly submissive and sincere. Your forgiveness, Delgadina, is what I implore."

He fell to his knees and people looked at him in fascination.

La Serrana thought: "This is all very good, but why didn't he pay back the five dollars he owed my brother?"

Someone must have trampled the cat's tail in the doorway and there was a startled miaow. Everybody looked at the dead body. Even Juan Badinas who kneeling, awaited the forgiveness of Delgadina, involuntarily jerked around and looked over his shoulder toward the bed behind him. One woman explained out loud, "It wasn't the corpse but the cat."

Paco, somewhat moved, answered Juan Badinas. "Well spoken. But it was unnecessary because nobody believed the evil things that were said. In any case, I know that she is within me here—he thumped his chest—and from here she forgives you. From here she forgives everybody. All—he added under his breath—but one."

"Who's that?" Badinas asked dramatically.

Nobody answered. A couple of women whispered in the silence of the mortuary room. "Badinas is the cowboy of the sheepfold."

La Serrana looked about. People returned her glance with anxiety. There was someone whom Paco would not forgive. Who could it be? Paco spoke to Juan Badinas who was still kneeling. "Get up. The man I won't forgive is far away. And he will not come."

He helped him get to his feet. At that moment another old rancher went forth to the center of the room and began to speak. "Gentlemen of the wake, you who have listened to Badinas, I have come to swear before Christ and the three Marys that it was I who first spoke against the honor of that little girl and recited the old ballad of the king and Delgadina."

He raised his fist in the air, suddenly opening it with the fingers clutching, and said: "May the Eternal punish me. May the pits of Hell be opened underneath my feet. It was I who suffered sleeplessness because of the child Irene, only I. For her maidenish name, for her soul and for her body. For her eyes

and her face and the grace of her hands, for the earth on which she trod, and for her gentle sayings. Every night I dreamed that I would be her lover. Because her loves were more in Heaven than on earth I slandered your daughter and you, Penquero. Enjoy your rest on this noble bed and contemplate here your grandson who wears silver spurs and a band on his hat. May you possess eternal life as I should wish it for myself."

He looked as though he were going to kneel, but he didn't.

Two other ranchers in the room looked ready to intervene, but Paco, suspecting that they were drunk, led them outside.

One of them said, referring to the alabados, "Those two are lying, because I am the sonobiche who invented the evil testimony against Delgadina. And this other guy here will witness for me and vouch for my word."

Paco said, "Enough of this. The only son of a bitch here is Efrain."

Efrain was smoking his marijuana in the doorway and saying, "Such a lie, Paco, and about an old friend of your mother."

To make peace the chief mourner coughed, raised his eyes to the ceiling, stamped his foot on the floor, and from his corner once again began: "*Vade retro*, Satan, for the Son of God was ever more powerful."

Before beginning the second rosary he also, in faltering verses, spoke his alabado: "Our deceased Paco, renowned here in this land of lambers, human justice has paid back its respect to you and divine justice will unlock the doors of Heaven unto you. *Vade retro*, Satan, for the Son of God was ever more powerful. Your daughter, the lovely maiden Delgadina, renowned among the saints in Heaven, awaits you rejoicing. Fronds of palm with bands of gold and little bells of silver herald your arrival at the gates to the celestial mansions. *Vade retro*, Satan, for the Son of God was ever more powerful."

Every time he said the name of Satan he stamped his foot and sometimes he stamped it so hard that the candle flames flickered. Paco returned to the passageways where the men were continuing to drink and Badinas and the other two cowboys went out after him. The mourner's resonant voice could still be heard. The four men, hands on each other's shoulders and a bit drunk, went outside and formed a circle around one of the bonfires.

They joined in with the songs of the others. They were sad songs. Juan Badinas wiped away a tear with the back of his hand, adding his rusty voice to that of the chorus. The bonfire lighted the scene. One of the young men

nudged Juan Badinas with his elbow. "The truth of the matter is that you owed the deceased five dollars."

"You are lying, brother, for just last week I won that amount at cards and I didn't bother to collect. It is just as though I had returned the debt with my own hand."

There had been no witnesses, and nobody believed him. La Serrana had gone back to her room. Seated on her bed in the dark, she saw the ranch hands who were singing sad songs in muted voices outside. And Badinas. And Paco who a little later came back into the house.

LA SERRANA thought about her late brother's life and about her own. Much had happened. Twenty years before Penquero was living with his daughter up in the Pedrizas highlands. The two of them alone in a cabin closer to the moon than to the earth. And causing talk among the serpents of the low country. Penquero's daughter had blue eyes and skin that was golden brown, a comely figure and a tiny mouth. Evil tongues, thinking about her beauty and about the lonely life she lived with her father, began to slander her. The name Delgadina which the cowboys had given her was full of malice. Poor Penquero. Shepherds are likely to have bad reputations. They are either very simple or very vicious. Penquero was neither simple nor vicious, but people talked.

And some of them believed.

The girl was almost always alone in the cabin, especially during the summer months. Her father would go up to the crests with the flocks and stay there for months at a time. Sometimes he came down with an old mule to replenish provisions. His dog, an ugly and dirty animal called Dandy, preceded him. He would arrive half an hour before his master. Penquero's first words to his daughter were always the same: "Didn't Dandy tell you what I've brought you?"

On seeing the dog arrive, the girl would put water on to heat and get soap and a towel ready because the first thing Penquero wished to do was to wash up and shave.

Irene used to say that the dog had announced that her father was bringing raspberries. She liked those wild raspberries very much.

Penquero's sister, La Serrana, remembered those days like something that

had just occurred. And far distant she heard the prayers of the wake. She had lived in the city and worked in a factory. Cousin Efrain, who—when he wasn't in jail—lived next door, once told her that folks on the Aranda ranch called Irene by the wicked name of Delgadina. A name that was pretty but indecent. Efrain was wont to lie, but in this case he told the truth and she thought that if she were to live with her brother at the Pedrizas mountain cabin then people wouldn't talk so much. "This has happened," she thought, "because the cowboys get into their heads the idea of the loneliness of father and daughter. And their filthy imagination does the rest."

La Serrana liked to live in the city, but decided to go to the Pedrizas mountain cabin to preserve the good name of her brother and of her niece. This was the first reasonable thing she had done in her life.

To get up there from the ranch it was necessary to ride horseback the whole day through arroyos and canyons. A young man from the ranch accompanied La Serrana to show her the way. The first thing she did on reaching the cabin was to ask Delgadina where her father was. The child indicated the high crests of the sierra. It was four hours without a path to those elevated plains where the flocks pastured during the summer and they did not come down until autumn when the leaves were turning yellow.

While the girl talked her aunt looked at her and said to herself, "She's as straight as a reed, she has a forthright look about her and refined movements and the slimmest little waist in the country." Recalling the awful ballad of Delgadina, she added, "She could be a king's daughter."

And with a wry grimace she asked: "You know what I would do if we were living in the times of Billy the Kid? Raise a gallows on every corner of the ranch. Yes, on the Aranda ranch. Why? I know why. I know who I'd have dancing the polka with his feet in the air."

La Serrana was scandalized by the poverty of the household furnishings. Fortunately she had brought clothing and kitchen utensils. At night La Serrana heard the noises of the countryside, and the creaking of the walls as the wood cooled frightened her. "How can you stand to live so alone? Aren't you afraid?"

"Yes," said the girl, "but I endure it."

"This fear," said La Serrana, "is what makes your eyes so big and so beautiful, my daughter."

Irene did not know that anyone called her Delgadina. Her name was

pretty: Irene Serrano. She and her father did not know the ballad of Delgadina because they came from another valley where it was not sung. The two of them were like characters from ancient stories.

Penquero was the best shepherd in Cíbola. Neither of them realized that a fatal destiny awaits everything that somehow approaches a facet of perfection. Lightning seeks out the straightest and tallest tree in a forest. Misfortune can live only in the shadow of happiness and at its expense. But they were living without preoccupation and securely, trusting innocently in they knew not what.

Two or three times La Serrana went down to the ranch. Soon enough she realized that her niece would never marry in those valleys. Everyone was secretly enamored of her and scandalized in public. And many of them actually believed their own malicious gossip. When La Serrana mulled this over after going to bed, it took her a long time to fall asleep.

The day Penquero came down from the mountains he was astonished to see his sister. He looked at her with pleasure and said slowly, "This is just the companionship Irene has needed ever since her mother died."

Penquero forgot about his jokes, but he did bring Irene some wild strawberries. La Serrana broached the idea of their going into the village once in a while, if only to attend Mass on Sundays. Penquero refused. The solitude in which Penquero had spent his life had made him taciturn and incorrupt. At times he spoke to God and to Dandy—the miserable cur—in the same language. He did not talk to anyone else. When he heard his sister insist that the child ought to go down to the village sometime Penquero appeared to accede. "She shall go down sometime, but with me."

La Serrana thought: "Perhaps this will make a bad impression, and it might be better for her never to go down at all." She was thinking about the meanness of the cowboys.

The next day Penquero returned to the mountains to tend his flocks. When the two women were alone, La Serrana said, "He is a rustic man and he doesn't know anything about life."

La Serrana combed her niece's hair every day. Irene's hair obsessed and confused her. It wasn't blond, nor was it brunette. Nor could one call it chestnut. It seemed more like something vegetable than human. La Serrana was enraptured with the beauty of her niece. She dressed her in her own city clothes and she looked at her with true wonder and admiration.

At that time there were many cowpunchers who dreamed about Irene. Some because they had seen her, others for having heard about her. (Also, sad to say, because the romance of Delgadina gave the girl a certain satanic aura.) From down at the Aranda ranch one could see on the horizon that elevated valley where the father and daughter lived. And sometimes looking up to the highlands with melancholy, a cowpuncher would tell himself:

*Slender Delgadina,
Delgadina is her name.*

The lines of the ballad reverberated in the ears of many who worked on the ranch.

A year went by without their going to the village. La Serrana was bored and talked of returning to the city. She thought that she despised her brother, but in the final analysis she was not bold enough to run counter to his wishes.

One morning the son of the owners arrived at the Pedrizas cabin in the heights. A boy seventeen years old. "Very handsome, clean-cut," thought La Serrana when she saw him. This expression—clean-cut—seemed elegant to her and she applied it only to important people. The young man told her he had been hunting and had lost his way.

A lie, thought La Serrana. He came here because of Irene. The young man hitched his horse to the post and looked around. "It really is a pleasant spot. And what about Señor Serrano?"

She liked the young man's looks and the way he said "Señor Serrano" instead of Penquero.

"He's up in the sierra with the sheep."

"When will he be down?"

"Who knows? He might come in tonight. He might not come for a month."

La Serrana told herself: "He's a handsome lad. His name is Pepe."

Close-cut leggings clung tightly to the powerful calves of his legs and at the opening of his shirt one could see the adolescent, almost feminine chest.

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't know what to do, whether to wait for him or not."

It was obvious that he was trying to wangle an invitation. Irene kept moving about preparing a drink of water and honey. When she handed it to Pepe, he said, "Thank you, Delgadina."

La Serrana corrected him. "My niece's name is Irene, not Delgadina."

The youth kicked his boot against a post to loosen the dry mud, blushed and said: "I know that, but Delgadina is a nice name for any girl who is slender and well-formed."

From what La Serrana had heard at the ranch, Pepe was a good boy, perhaps a bit lazy and lacking in character, but then at his age and being so rich, why did he need to have character?

"The fact is I'd stay around a few days to wait for Señor Paco, but I don't dare. That is to say, I'd hesitate, with you two unmarried ladies all alone."

"Are you afraid of us?"

"Out of consideration for you," he laughed. "Just a little consideration. Did you say your brother might wait for a month?"

"Or two." He still seemed to hesitate, this Pepe.

At last La Serrana told him, "You may stay here if you wish. Anyway, this is your father's land. And the house. It all belongs to you. But be careful," she joked imprudently, "this high country has a bad reputation."

The boy began to laugh again, but this laughter cut La Serrana to the quick and she glared at him severely. He too became serious and rather than answering he scratched his cheek with the riding crop. Then he asked Irene: "Don't you get bored up here?"

Irene didn't know the word *boredom* in either Spanish or English. Her aunt explained it to her. Half amused and half astonished, Pepe exclaimed: "The dickens! You're bound to be content if you don't even know boredom by name."

La Serrana apologized for Irene saying that she hadn't gone to school, and Pepe became deeply thoughtful—What could school give a girl like this to whom nature has given everything?

He asked Irene, "Would you also invite me to stay here?"

"When my aunt's around my say-so doesn't count," she said.

She started to carry armloads of dried grass to the side of the house saying that whenever anyone came up from the ranch she had to notify her father with a bonfire. When he saw the smoke, her father always came down to the cabin.

La Serrana said, "Don't light the fire."

The girl hesitated with the matches in her hand.

"I said no!"

Don Pepe found things much to his liking there. He said he hated the

regular routine of towns and ranches. He favored the city or the solitude of the sierra.

"Do you want Don Pepe to stay?" La Serrana asked her niece.

"I don't know," she answered prudently.

La Serrana apologized for Irene and said that she was a little bit wild and not accustomed to dealing with people. Don Pepe instead of answering began to lavish praise on everything he saw—the high mountain peaks with their eternal snow, the nearby ravine, the pine groves. La Serrana asked him if he wanted to take a look around. She excused herself beforehand, saying she wouldn't go along since she was too old to be clambering around such places. "However," she added, "Irene will accompany you and look for mushrooms for our supper this evening. There are lots of them in the forest. You ought to take along a couple of baskets and get enough to last the week. You can be of help if you go with her."

They went to the forest. The air was golden and La Serrana watched them disappear among the trees and told herself: "Nothing is more beautiful than youth." However she was still doubtful and she added: "Life measures out to each what he deserves, but I haven't gotten anything."

She returned to the cabin and slipped fresh sheets on Penquero's bed in case the owner's son should stay overnight. She talked to herself as she did this. "You only live once. And youth fades away like a dream. I know what I'm doing, sending them off to the forest. All I'm doing is giving them a chance. May God do more if He sees fit."

La Serrana usually didn't mention God except in extreme cases like this.

She thought that in the pine grove, a place as intimate and silent as a bedroom, the two young people could only talk of love. But it wasn't right to assume that a boy and girl would experience the same eager yearnings as a mature woman. "I'm different," she thought. "I'm used up by life and I'm accustomed to living in the city and seeing what goes on between men and women."

The boy and girl came back at dusk with their baskets full of mushrooms and strawberries and with a thousand things to relate. La Serrana understood at once that they were in love although they would not have said so.

With ruddy cheeks Irene kept talking. "We saw a wild creature with three little ones trailing behind. Pepe wanted to kill them, but I told him not

to since the sound of gunfire carries so far in the forest that father would surely hear it and wonder what was happening down at the cabin."

"That's why I didn't shoot," he said.

The mountain air, the shock of surprise and such strange and sudden emotions made them both seem a bit delirious when they talked. Pepe said that it might not be a bad idea for him to stick around a few days waiting for Penquero. Then he corrected himself. "I mean Señor Serrano."

And he blushed again.

Nightfall came suddenly as it does in the mountains. In Penquero's bed Pepe listened to the distant howling of the coyotes. The next day he got up and started doing household chores. He cut wood into chunks of every size—for the kitchen range where they prepared the meals, for the great stove they used in winter. Cutting wood he perspired and took off his shirt. With a certain female satisfaction La Serrana observed him from the porch. Pepe kept moving about playing the role of manly protector to both women. In the middle of the afternoon La Serrana sent them back to the forest again. Before they left, her aunt arranged a tress of Delgadina's hair revealing her left ear and she put a flower in her bosom. "Don't hurry back. Nothing matters more than your happiness." She pushed her toward Pepe who had gone on ahead and was waiting for her at the foot of a tree, two empty baskets in his hand.

When they reached the edge of the forest Pepe said he felt as though he didn't care about anyone in the world but her. "All night long," he said, "I was thinking of you. Hearing the coyotes, I envied them, for the year around they inhabit the sierra and from their lairs they watch you when you go into the forest."

When they returned to the cabin some three hours later her face was aflame and his, on the contrary, was pallid and his lips were dry. La Serrana looked at them trying to divine something. Delgadina said that she had seen a butterfly with two heads. Pepe had also made discoveries and when he mentioned a huge bird that laughed in the forest, the girl told its name and explained its habits which she understood full well.

Both of them chatted with La Serrana, deeply grateful for her complicity, though they never made mention of it. So the days went by.

One afternoon La Serrana drew Pepe aside and talked to him as if she were short of breath: "You're you, aren't you? A man. And you like her. All

right, you've heard the things they tell down in the valley. But you're not like those cowboys and the other people who live in a dunghill. You're still green behind the ears and your mother's milk is on your lips. You don't have to condemn anybody because life hasn't yet filled your heart with smut."

She was going to say more but could not because she was crying. Pepe understood what she meant and he too was deeply moved.

Irene's room had been decked out as for a wedding by La Serrana. She put curtains at the window, a shade on the old kerosene lamp, hung two framed prints which she had brought from the city and left a manicure set which seemed to her the last word in sophistication.

The young man continued to sleep in the old shepherd's room. During the day, though, the lad and his girl didn't part for a moment.

Before they left on their outings La Serrana would say: "You are lovely, youthful and in love. More than in love, you are betrothed. More than betrothed. You are much more than merely betrothed."

Sometimes Pepe felt ill at ease around this apparently reasonable woman who spoke so mysteriously, never saying all she intended. His blood burned for Delgadina and they went not to the woods but further now on horseback. Once when they were sitting together beside a deep ravine and looking down at the bottom Pepe told her, "Delgadina, I wish that I could run away with you and go somewhere far beyond the eyes and voices of people."

"We are already there. No one can come here."

Each longed for the other with a hunger that was neither sated nor diminished, and which seemed to increase day after day. There beside the abyss she looked at the heavens and he looked at her. They watched the animals big and little passing by. High above them the sparrow hawk and across the ravine and far away a deer. In the depths of the ravine was a brook where the gray beaver swam.

They were silent and Delgadina sometimes dreaded that fathomless silence.

Whenever they went home La Serrana led Delgadina aside and made her repeat all the things they had talked about. From the interest La Serrana manifested one could gather that she too had fallen in love with Pepe. In fact, though, she was enamored of their love for each other.

The young people lived only for each other. They would devour whatever La Serrana put before them and then be off on horseback again. Pepe

had his mount well trained. He would ask if Delgadina were beautiful and the horse would move its head up and down. They both laughed. Sometimes the horse seemed to be laughing, too.

A curious change seemed to be coming over them. Pepe became very jovial, but Irene as easily turned morose, and once she said, "I've been thinking that my aunt is quite a good woman, but a bit of a witch. A nice witch, I should say."

Once of an afternoon they lay sleeping beside a sandpit where there were fresh deer tracks—a mother deer had passed there with her fawn. When she awoke, Delgadina noted with surprise that a cactus was growing at her head, a vertical cactus with horizontal arms like a cross in the cemetery. It was not uncommon to find cacti like that one. And Pepe was still asleep. The cross cast a funereal shadow behind itself. The cactus was nearly black and the very fact that this black cross was the work of circumstance seemed to portend danger. Irene declared that when she died she wanted to be buried there. He embraced her and said that if his parents opposed the wedding he would do something drastic.

It was a long time before Penquero came down from the crests and meanwhile the lovers wouldn't move a step except together. La Serrana cooked their meals for them and then laughed or wept alone, joyful and tender.

At last when La Serrana figured that her brother was about to come down she set fire to the heap of dried grass. Two hours later Dandy arrived, and when La Serrana saw him she told Pepe that it would be more prudent for him to leave without waiting for the shepherd. She would talk with him and meanwhile he could arrange to return a few days later. The boy climbed on his horse and took off at a gallop.

Delgadina went to her room and a little later her father arrived. La Serrana advised the shepherd that the owner's son had come and that unable to wait longer he had returned to the ranch. The shepherd looked around him suspiciously. "When did you say he arrived?"

"Early in the morning. A little later I lit the bonfire to notify you."

"He rode his horse, didn't he?"

She nodded.

"And nobody else came while I was gone?"

"No."

The penquero approached his sister, grabbed her by the arm. "The boss's

boy has been here more than two weeks. Why are you lying? What are you trying to hide?"

She didn't say anything. She knew that there were signs to give her away, the horse manure, for example. Irene went over to her father's side, kissed his hand, and trembling with emotion told him that Pepe wanted to marry her. "All right," said the shepherd quietly. "That's all right. I don't need to know anything more. I know what you're trying to hide, sister."

The shepherd cut himself twice while he shaved and one could hear him cursing and muttering as he stanching the blood. The following day before returning to the sierra with his flock Penquero told his sister, "Young Aranda's word isn't worth more than this"—the shepherd spat to one side—"but until a youth becomes of age his parents are responsible for his actions. So we will see."

He went back to the mountains. Before he left he spoke again of going to the city and taking Irene with him. He wanted to visit his cousin Efrain and furthermore he had plans for the girl. He would not say what his plans were.

A couple of weeks later he came down again and said that he had to go to the ranch and that he would take his daughter with him. La Serrana groomed Irene and when she and her father departed the girl on the horse's rump looked like a little princess.

Down at the ranch Penquero hoped vainly as often before that Juan Badinas would invite him to play cards. The foreman did not invite him. He considered Penquero too lowly to hobnob with the overseers.

The next day Penquero went to the city with his daughter. Pepe and the girl had a secret agreement. They would meet on the plaza at such-and-such an hour. Uncle Efrain, whom they were going to visit, lived near the old plaza.

The shepherd and Delgadina went by bus and Pepe drove his father's car.

Delgadina had been decked out by her aunt. She wore a hat with a ribbon hanging down behind and gloves that were blue. These were the first gloves she had ever owned.

Penquero had made plans for his daughter, counting on the help of Cousin Efrain. So far as the shepherd was concerned, his cousin was a man of the world capable of living in the city without any need to work on the dirty ranches of the high country. Years before Efrain had managed to place one

of his relatives in the house of a Miss Burke, a rich old woman from the East.

For Penquero everything about the city was confused, nebulous, resplendent.

Wonder-struck, Efrain watched them arrive. They had come without warning. There was room enough for everybody; that much was certain. The moment Delgadina saw her father's cousin, she surmised that he was even poorer than they.

No sooner had they left their baggage than the girl wanted to go to the courthouse square she had seen from the bus. A park was there and in the center of the park an ancient cannon. Penquero wanted to talk privately with Efrain who looked absent-minded. And so the girl walked out the door. Then she wandered away to look around.

Between Efrain's house and the plaza was a broad and ascending avenue. Here the houses were close together, each one buttressing the others. Many people lived on this street. "They are all doing useful work in the community," thought Delgadina admiringly, but the street was always deserted.

Delgadina could not imagine how people in the city lived and she went up the street slowly, looking at both sides. She was hoping to see Pepe on the little plaza where they had promised to meet.

This street had no name and people referred to it vaguely as River Street. So far as Delgadina was concerned the street was a lordly thoroughfare to the courthouse square. There was nothing in the world more civilized or worthy of admiration than this River Street.

Around Efrain's house were many others, where people of all classes lived. There was also a kind of bar or cabaret of the most abject sort presided over by a flush-faced woman who always wore yellow. This woman was a great friend of Efrain, and she had recently been in the hospital.

The neighborhood church was also poor and it had a sign bent around a corner of the building. On one side it read TAVERN and on the other, ACLE. Sometimes people made a mistake and went there looking for a glass of wine.

These houses were ugly, but Delgadina found them beautiful. At the time Uncle Efrain was not working. His wife had not died as Delgadina assumed, but had run off with somebody else, and since then the husband had been smoking marijuana, drinking, and doing odd jobs. Even though the patrons of the bar all spoke Spanish, the bar had an English name which was also

misspelled, RIBERSIDE. It was the B which belonged in TAVERNACLE, the little church. Efrain said that it was natural his wife should run off because she had the feet of an unleashed bitch. When Penquero asked him what sort of work he was doing, he replied, "Whatever comes along."

A number of rich people in the city had tried to redeem him, above all, Miss Burke, the rich spinster on the plaza who liked to do acts of charity.

The second time that Delgadina went to the plaza she met Pepe. She wanted to hug him then and there, but he said, "Not here, Delgadina. You have to be careful here because people are watching."

All Delgadina wanted to do was to walk down main street on his arm looking in the windows of the business establishments and revelling in the distinction with which she imagined she trod on the neatly delineated sidewalks. In the blond woman's bar Penquero asked Cousin Efrain if Delgadina could stay to work in Miss Burke's house. Efrain affected an air of intrigue and said, "We will see."

And he ordered another glass of wine. That's what he said in answer to every question Penquero put to him: We will see. And he never did anything. He wanted to bring the girl to the bar to introduce her to the blond woman who seemed to be interested in her. The shepherd realized that this was no place for his daughter and he refused to bring her.

Delgadina, when not with Pepe, walked around the neighborhood and approached River Street—her great adventure. One day she saw a couple of horses and mounted policemen at the upper end of the street. Once a week the chief of police sent them for a turn around River Street just to fulfill the "act of presence."

In the silence the horses' hooves made a somewhat impressive clatter.

Delgadina looked down the deserted street imagining that those two policemen ought to be dangerous. The horses continued to descend with a great deal of stomping and arrogance. From the corner Delgadina watched them without understanding. She stood staring down the empty street and before the policemen reached her she ran into the house, locked the door from the inside, and started watching from a window.

Efrain and Penquero as usual were in the bar with the blond woman. After the horses passed Delgadina considered going there but her father had forbidden it. She observed that the mounted policemen had stopped in the

intersection, undecided what to do next. Finally they turned around and went up River Street again.

Before she could unravel so many enigmas, Delgadina saw Pepe arriving. They went to main street and arm-in-arm walked by the luxury shops. Then Pepe took her to a photographer's studio and had her picture taken; he had always wanted a good portrait of her. To justify her escapades Irene told her father that she was going to the neighborhood Catholic church.

That very afternoon Penquero and his cousin accompanied the blond woman to a ranch to see if there were sufficient pasture land for raising cattle. They took Penquero along as the expert. Delgadina and Pepe took the occasion to go see a movie. She had never seen one before and everything was new and awesome. He teased her tenderly and kissed her in the darkness.

When Delgadina returned home she realized that her father and Efrain had been quarreling. Efrain had the eyes of a madman and time after time repeated, "I didn't tell you to come. And moreover I'm not an employment agency." Then again he proposed that Delgadina should stay in the city and assured him that the blond woman in the bar would look after her.

Penquero was greatly disillusioned. The following day he returned to the ranch with his daughter. Pepe drove alongside the bus which was carrying Delgadina and her father. The two sweethearts kept looking at each other and winking behind her father's back.

It was also Sunday when they reached the ranch and Penquero approached Juan Badinas hoping that the latter would invite him to play cards with the foremen. To Penquero this meant the consummation of his life as a shepherd.

But Juan told him brutally, "If you think your having lent me five bucks entitles you to hobnob with the overseers, then I'm telling you you're damned mistaken."

For Penquero had lent him the money a year before. The shepherd stopped talking and went back to the sierra with his daughter. Twenty-four hours later Delgadina was again with her aunt in the cabin in the high valley. She told her a thousand incidents, each one of them extraordinary. Concerning Efrain, she said that he was forever in a bad humor and La Serrana explained to her that he would come to a bad end since marijuana snarls and befuddles the principal nerves in a man's brain.

When Delgadina told her aunt about Pepe's promises of marriage, she became pensive. Some days later a peon arrived with a letter from Pepe:

I spoke to my father about you and he got mad and is sending me to Denver. I am going to study medicine and work to become independent. Come to Denver with your aunt and when you arrive we'll get married in spite of my family. Both of us and your aunt, too, can live on what my father is sending me. Talk to your father. Convince him. If he's against it, don't worry. Come by yourself. It'll be easy for you to run away, I'd say, one day when he's way up in the hills with the herd, especially with the help of your aunt. I can't live here in Denver or anywhere else without you.

With the letter in hand La Serrana, happy and full of spirit, decided to talk seriously with her brother. When Penquero came down from the mountains he read the letter through a couple of times. "Neither of them is ripe for marriage."

He added that Pepe's father would be certain to refuse and that this would put Penquero in a tight spot. Pepe could not do a thing since he was underage and if there should be trouble, it would be because La Serrana had abetted the young people secretly. Penquero called his sister a dishonorable woman and asserted that she had come to Pedrizas in an evil hour. "It is too late for regrets now, Brother," she said.

Penquero looked blankly at her. "Too late?"

She nodded her head and the shepherd understood. He stood there silently a moment with his eyes downcast, then he seemed to react and get a hold on himself. "All right. If young Aranda's father is a man he'll do what he should."

He harnessed the mule and left for the ranch. When he got there he realized that the trip had taken two hours longer than usual. He also found out that young Don Pepe Aranda already had left for Denver. This disappointed him, but he decided that perhaps it was well this way.

He told the servants that he was going to talk with the master about the cottonseed cake he needed to buy to feed the livestock during the winter; however, minutes after being admitted to see him, they heard raised voices.

The elder Aranda was saying: "Penquero, you're an honest man, but your sister is a witch and she'll not trap me with her tricks. If the girl is

going to be a mother, my son is underage and therefore not responsible before the law."

The shepherd answered. His voice was soft and it did not go beyond the room. "It isn't for my sister or for me, Señor Aranda. It's for my daughter who's worth more than the rest of us put together." And he started to explain everything anew as though the owner had not understood.

The interview was long and difficult. Penquero's voice could not be heard, but Aranda's was strident and it made the windowpanes rattle. One could hear him mention something about an operation—an abortion—which he wouldn't mind paying for. Then Penquero insulted him. Old Aranda responded with stronger insults. There was a great commotion. One could hear the armchair being shoved aside and Aranda's footsteps as he ran to the door. At the same time shots rang out. Six shots. Old Aranda's body was riddled through and until the police arrived household servants kept the shepherd cornered.

From time to time Penquero would say: "Don't trouble yourselves, for I don't intend to defend myself or try to escape."

Police arrested the shepherd who would answer neither yes nor no to the magistrate's questions.

A number of details of the crime put him at a disadvantage. For example, old Aranda died from the second shot but after he had already fallen to the ground Penquero fired four more times. According to the defense attorney that ruined his chances of acquittal.

Naturally Pepe went home when he heard about his father's death. He wanted to go up to the sierra, but his mother was gravely ill and he had to remain at her side. If Pepe left, the ranch servants spied on him and reported to his mother where he had gone and how long he had stayed. They talked too much and without respect for the unfortunate Delgadina and the son who was going to be born. There were even those who dared recall the romance of the Moorish king with relation to the paternity of the child and everybody was scandalized again. Pepe got involved in several incidents of this sort and he fought with a cowboy and threw him off the ranch.

This was the only proof of vigor Pepe ever showed, either then or perhaps throughout his life. Thereafter the people told with astonishment how the young Aranda had dared to defend the daughter of his father's assassin.

Penquero was sentenced to death, but the punishment was commuted to thirty years imprisonment.

Delgadina did nothing but cry. She gave birth to the child without assistance, save from her aunt. She never heard from Pepe again. In the days before her confinement she used to go to the sandpit with the crosslike cactus and gaze at the impression which her body and Pepe's had left in the sand.

For eight days following her labor Delgadina kept repeating constantly that she did not want to live. And then she died. Delgadina's death seemed the last shred of evidence to the ranchers. God was punishing the daughter after having shut her father away from the society of men. The father was old and he would not leave jail either—so they thought—except feet first.

Don Pepe went back to Denver after Delgadina's death and no one knew anything about him. Sometimes queer rumors reached the ranch. Some said that he had taken to drink and debauchery and others to the contrary affirmed that he was a brilliant lad and highly respected by everyone. A few tried to insinuate that something was wrong with his mind.

No one requested a Christian burial for Delgadina and the ranchers themselves at La Serrana's suggestion dug a grave at the foot of the crosslike cactus and put her there.

Said La Serrana: "If men don't want to put a cross upon her grave, then God has put it there. This cactus is the cross which God has given her."

Then people started to say that one of Delgadina's hands had stayed atop the sand, and that the hand was always fresh and alive and that it waved good-bye to passersby. On it—so they said—she still wore the ring which Pepe had bought her.

La Serrana took the baby boy down to the ranch. Pepe's mother, who was still sick, wanted to see him and when she saw his face, she said, "Another innocent victim. God help us."

A few days later they baptised him with the name of Paco Aranda. The sick mother wrote to Denver calling her son, but Pepe replied that the only person on the ranch who mattered to him was no longer alive.

The widow recognized at once that the baby had the facial features of the Aranda family and that he was her grandson. She was tired of her own bitterness and seeing that she herself was ill, she was inclined to understand-

ing. She asked La Serrana to stay at the ranch to take care of the child and declared that this was not the son of the devil, as they were wont to say, but the offspring of two innocent lovers.

These evidences of good sense on the part of the widow looked to people like a display of senile decadence. The Arandas were in decline. There were those who said the clan would end in utter degeneration, which was not strange considering how "the people hereabouts inbreed too much."

The fact that Pepe, the heir, studied medicine in Denver and did not return to the ranch seemed to indicate a lack of nerve and energy for running the ranch.

Gradually La Serrana was imposing her will over the household. She felt strong, and once when she was talking with the servants she said she had the master of the ranch in her arms. The child had been recognized legally and La Serrana's authority was growing so much that when the mistress had grown old and senile and the administrator wrote to Denver, Pepe answered that they should listen to La Serrana and obey her as though she owned the place. People could not believe it.

Old Penquero remained in prison. No one knew anything about him. Sometimes La Serrana went to visit him secretly, but she did not so much as pronounce his name at the ranch. Nor did anyone dare to inquire about him. The old servants used to whisper in the corners. Pepe finished school in Denver and established himself as a doctor there. He had no desire to return to the ranch.

Old Aranda's widow died at the ranch. For many years La Serrana had been signing checks for the employees; this finally consummated her authority—to the amazement of all, especially those who were old. After the elderly widow's death the administrator received an order from Pepe to sell fifty acres of irrigable land. La Serrana wrote the doctor telling him, "This is property belonging to Delgadina's son and yours. With the rent you can do whatever you like, but you won't touch the patrimony of your son."

Pepe did not answer her and the sale was never completed.

La Serrana reflected: "Delgadina had what I will never have. She knew what it was to be loved by a man who is young and handsome. She died, but first she had her glory as a woman."

Several times La Serrana had written Don Pepe saying that it was a shame

for Delgadina's grave to be in the mountains and that the child Paco would be bound to resent it later on. Don Pepe responded in alarm with long telegrams forbidding anyone to touch the grave until he returned.

One day he did return. People continued to talk.

*They buried then the lover
In a sandpit far away;
The hand they left above'er
As a signal so they say . . ."*

Don Pepe's visit was sensational. He spent three days completely alone up in the sierra. On the fourth day, just as he had arranged, a caravan of sundry people arrived, among them a couple of masons and a priest complete with basin, aspergillum, rochet, stole and tapers. The act of consecrating Delgadina's grave was memorable because everybody from the ranch attended, including Juan Badinas who despised Penquero and his family.

After the benediction the masons enclosed the area a quarter of an acre around, leaving in the center that crosslike cactus and the grave. When the work was done, Don Pepe told the priest, "You all are witnesses that when I die I want to be buried here beside Delgadina."

Don Pepe returned to Denver without passing by the ranch which he hated.

For years after this nobody knew anything about him. La Serrana received some news but she did not communicate it to anyone. The Pedrizas' livestock was transferred to another valley and nobody lived in the log cabin where Delgadina had dwelled. Some people said the deer were wont to celebrate their reunions in the cabin. La Serrana asked in amazement—"What kind of reunions?"

Delgadina's son was growing up. La Serrana talked to him about his mother every day and made him pray before the picture in his bedroom. It was the portrait Pepe had taken of Delgadina when they were in the town. From that picture an artist in the city had made an oil portrait which came to occupy the dining room wall—the most important place in the house.

Delgadina's son kept growing as country people do, dirty and strong. La Serrana let him have his way with everything. She spoke to him with admiration of his grandfather who was in prison. To La Serrana, imprisonment wasn't necessarily anything shameful. She always dressed in her Sunday

best when she went to visit her brother, and although she never told a soul where she was going, everybody guessed.

One of little Paco's first adventures in life was the journey to the capital to see his grandfather. He never forgot the sullen and severe expression the old man wore. Naturally whenever they went to pay him a visit, none of them could avoid devoting their best memories to poor Delgadina.

Paquito had a toy revolver and he said he would kill the remaining Arandas with it. The grandfather smiled sadly and advised his sister not to let the boy say such things in front of people.

Don Pepe never went back to the ranch. He was a city man and although he was well enough esteemed as a doctor, nonetheless there was more talk of his caprices than of his professional success.

One thing old Penquero never fathomed was why Juan Badinas testified against him at the trial and tried to aggravate his responsibility. Ten years after the event Penquero still regretted it and asked if Badinas continued on the ranch. La Serrana said he was but that she could fire him if he wished. He declined. "He's too old now to look for work anywhere else."

In spite of Penquero's generous disposition Badinas' resentment only seemed to become more virulent and bitter with the years. It was something which Penquero could not comprehend. "The only harm I ever did him was to lend him five dollars once."

The child grew to be violent and terrible. Little girls on the ranch made the cross to him as to the Devil.

All the employees except Juan Badinas used to gather in the old dining room on Saturday where they recited the rosary beneath the oil portrait of Delgadina who seemed to dominate the room with her angelic countenance. La Serrana sat in an arm chair directly underneath the portrait. And she felt happy as she half closed her eyes. Age and a sense of victory had made her reasonable.

Suitors started courting La Serrana. She said, "They all offer me their poor but honest names in order to become rich and shameless within twenty-four hours." Because she lacked female vanity she told the maids herself that the men did not even notice her until they discovered that she was signing checks for the ranch.

One of those who made advances was Juan Badinas. La Serrana did not snub him. Wagging tongues soon had it that they were seen together in the

darkness of the night. Be that as it may, La Serrana never allowed him the slightest intervention in the affairs of the ranch and he continued to perform his customary duties as general foreman.

Paquito had to go to school, but he did only what the law required. His companions arrived by car or truck or bus, so Paquito went horseback. School was not very far away. Paquito's horse had an English name, Dappled, since it was spotted. Horse and rider understood each other and got on well together.

Of course Dappled caused a sensation among the little boys and especially among the little girls. The overabundance of automobiles had almost caused the horse to disappear and Dappled and its rider were a spectacle.

One day a little girl asked him, "Is it true that your mother is buried in a dump?"

The lad snatched hold of her skirt and ripped out a patch so large that the girl was standing with her thighs and something more exposed to the air.

In spite of everything the ballad of Delgadina was heard from time to time down at the ranch and some inspired cowboys had added verses which they sang to the guitar, alluding to Delgadina by her first and last names:

*On March thirteen she perished,
Penquero's fair Irene.
And in the mountain valley
Her graveyard may be seen.*

Her burial up there became the biggest part of the scandal even though the sandpit was consecrated and enclosed.

On his birthday Paquito invited his school friends to a party with cake and candles and a rodeo in which the ranch hands participated and competed for prizes solemnly awarded by La Serrana. Boys who were about fourteen years old liked the party because they were permitted to smoke and drink wine.

Once Juan Badinas tried to sit beside La Serrana and help distribute the prizes. She did not know what to do, yet dared not throw him off the platform with everybody looking. Paquito saw what was happening and told Badinas, "Everyone has his place on the ranch and this isn't yours."

"Why?"

"For various reasons, but mainly because I say so."

Badinas saw something in the boy's eye that made him leave without replying.

When he finished high school, Paquito did not care to go to any university. A little later his grandfather finished serving his sentence—it had been reduced for good behavior—and was released from prison. "Every misfortune has its end," said La Serrana as she drove her brother back to the ranch.

"Not every misfortune, for there are some that can never be remedied," replied Penquero, remembering his daughter.

La Serrana invited her brother's old acquaintances to call on him. Many of them showed up. There was wine, but no gaiety. Some of them continued to regard Penquero merely as the rustic shepherd who had killed his patron in a fit of rage. Badinas did not come and this ruined the party for Penquero.

The old shepherd went to the city to visit Efrain again, but he found nothing which interested him there and when he returned to the ranch he tried to establish some sort of relationship with Juan Badinas. This man refused to recognize him as an equal, let alone a superior.

He was aging rapidly. He spent the winter just sitting in the sun on a porch facing south. Nobody came to see him. Paco was everywhere. On Sundays Badinas and his cronies played cards but they never invited Penquero.

Toward the end of the winter Penquero took sick. Nonetheless he appeared to rally for a few days and then La Serrana told Badinas and his friends to play cards with him in the afternoon. At last Penquero got to play with the foremen. When they left he asked La Serrana if Badinas had come of his own free will or because she had ordered him to. La Serrana told a white lie.

Penquero died without Badinas' repaying the five dollars.

ON THE NIGHT OF THE WAKE La Serrana was still thinking about the money as she heard Badinas sing his alabado.

Outside of La Serrana's room the night was nearly vanquished and dawn was near. One could still hear the drone of prayers in the funeral chamber and laughter from the kitchen or outside the house around the bonfires.

Paco retired to his room completely exhausted. He entered without switching on the lights, but the gleam of headlights came through the windows as cars continued arriving and departing.

On the nightstand was a photograph of his mother, young and beautiful. Although he could not see it in the dark, the glare of headlights sometimes produced a brightness which made the glass and the metallic frame sparkle. He could hear the mourner repeating, "Most holy God, almighty and immortal God, deliver us from evil."

Beside the door Paco noticed an elongated object of stern, symmetrical design—the coffin. He was afraid. Why did they put the coffin in his room? Then he realized that they had to put it somewhere and they did not want to leave it out in the corridors in full view of everyone. His grandfather's body hadn't impressed him much, but the coffin, yes, and he backed out of the room. Then he went to the dining room, which was likewise still dark and he did not want to switch the light on.

In the doorway he met his aunt, who told him, "This wake isn't just a wake for my brother, but much more—the wedding of your father and your mother, your own baptism, the interment of your mother, and all the honors which were denied to her in life."

She took her nephew's hand. "Something just occurred to me. Let's bring the funeral flowers in here and put them underneath your mother's portrait."

The day began to dawn gray and cloudy. Some of the cowboys who were sleeping around the bonfires woke up. Others who had moved on to the portal were still snoring.

Paco returned to the funeral chamber. Everyone was in his place, the women and a few men were fingering their rosaries and responding mechanically to the hired mourner, not the same one, but a smaller man with a wrinkled face. They called this old man El Lechuzo, the owl-man. Since it was a wake in a wealthy household every mourner was ready to do his bit.

El Lechuzo sang more than he prayed and when he referred to the bells of Judgment Day, he simulated their sound with his mouth, and he called the dead man Penquero without compunction. He did it so innocently that Paco never thought to take offense.

Things grew brighter with the dawn. Through the windows towards the north the sky showed violet. Paco kept coming and going. Sometimes his feet led him toward his room, but when he reached the door he would remember the coffin and retrace his footsteps. It sickened him to see it. The mourner came to that place in his litany where he had to say, "Stella matutina. . . ."

And sure enough there was a little star in the northern window and he was looking at it. Unawares he repeated himself twice, and likewise the people answered twice, "Ora pro nobis."

Everything seemed to lighten as the day dawned. Paco entered the adjoining room which was still full of women in mourning. The smashed guitar littered the floor and Paco picked it up and carried the pieces over to the fireplace, a little sorry for what he had done. The guitar was consumed in a burst of flame. He saw through the corridor that La Serrana was directing people who arrived with wreaths and bouquets not to the funeral bedroom but to the dining room and she was making the Arandas pile them at the foot of Delgadina's portrait.

Paco smiled to himself and thought, "My aunt doesn't want to forget and she is right. I'll never forget either."

Paco thought that he was beginning to feel different with the light of day. During the night he had been thinking that Penquero would be rewarded in the other life among the angels and luminaries. Now in the morning light he was thinking that there is no life eternal and that everything ends in the grave. They would heap the earth above Penquero and grass would cover him. And remembering La Serrana who did not want to forget, he felt a lump in his throat. He wanted the time for the burial to arrive so they would take the coffin from his room.

—translated from the Spanish by Morse Manley

Separation

Take the bull by his one bent horn
And look at the truth where he lies;
Death for you entered when you were born,
And laughter sat in his eyes.

Death's not a valley
Death's not a hill;
We're all struck down
By our own sweet will;
With your death everyone dies.

Where is the mother who mothered me,
And where is the father who sired;
I'm grown, grown, till I've mothered my own
And hell by their bones is fired.

My soul is hot where the fire seeps through
And the dreams grow fast to my feet;
And Love is a woman I do not know,
A man I have yet to meet.

Air and water and land and me
And lone . . . lone . . . lone . . .
Air and water and land and sea
And bleached bent bone.

—Ann Darr

Are We Alone

Are we alone who scan the sky for rain
A fat and falstaff cloud
And a damned star,
A ready wind wrapping the desert
And the sand still,
Never counting on one hand
Never counting at all?

—Ann Darr

Sculpture by Henry Moore in the open air

The hard shell
has crumbled and you
have begun to shape
your space,
but not inhabiting, and to
enchant the dawn from its ghost of air

with the
breath of permanence,
like clustered grapes
upon
a smothered stem that forge
the light and lend it image and shadow in

the prism
of reality while
a jay keenly
threads
the trees into a season's
tapestry. The morning awoke with bland tears

and hung
its yawning head
until the sun
caught you
in his arms and, instantly,
held you beyond a summer's devastation.

—Kenneth A. Lohf

Winter Night Tanka

A warm cup with an
old friend sometimes will stay the
season,
and friendly
talk melts all the ice outside
with promise: spring is assured.

—*Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin*

When the Bough Breaks

Now handle him easy, bury him deep,
Cover his long black body well.
Stand back, let all the family weep
In shadows that his eyes compel.
Here no one goes his bond or bail
And silence like a mourner's veil
Imprisons us, locks out your eye
From mine. So let the mother cry
A little. Later, weeds will grow,
Cover him up with weeds knee-high,
Handle him easy, bury him slow.

Death is a broom we hold to sweep
Our Sunday houses clean, no bell
To wake whatever dreams we keep—
Maybe the shadow within his cell
That measured him for each detail.
The fingers on the hard bed rail
That opened slowly, light and shy,
That drummed away the lighter sky.
Maybe the bones that could not know
How lips must move from sigh to sigh.
Handle him easy, bury him slow.

No wind or rain blows down to seep
Through muddy shoes, only a swell
Of weeds a shovel turns dirt-cheap.
The air is heavy, holds the smell
Of honeysuckle, dusts this trail
Of headstones as the women wail
And lean and sway. The air is dry.
The weeds around him pass him by,
Run wilder. Let the whole place go,
They'll never find him if they try.
Handle him easy, bury him slow.

Behind the courthouse, up the steep
And broken steps—he tried to yell
But not from counting days or sheep—
Ten men came from the night's hotel,
Bound, then took his black and frail
Skin and bones from the county jail.
Here is the grave. While you and I
Said eeny, meeny, scotch or rye,
They caught that nigger by the toe,
He hollered and they watched him die.
Handle him easy, bury him slow.

The river that washed him in a heap
Didn't bleach him, didn't spell
His name on water. Let him sleep.
Forget him; let the others tell
Their story. What's a lynching tale?
Leaving, we step as if to nail
That coffin down. Come next July
Days will be warm, people won't pry
So much. Then come December, snow
Will make this visit of ours a lie,
Handle him easy, bury him slow.

—*Philip Legler*

Volcano

The white-hot lava of your rage
Consuming all my arrogance, destroyed
Many small structures built on sand,

But from their cold ash fused
A diamond-hard and central core
Not there before.

And in this blasted place remained
Some seed left underground that send
Up hopeful fronds to wreath this ruin.

In this terrain that death had seemed to win
Visibly life takes up the fight again.

—Elizabeth Chesley Baity

The Bird

I think of you, my physician, my friend,
my lord of the marshes.

Do you remember the rice-birds flying
at dawn, over the marshes?
My heart was the one that fell:
you brought it up, streaming;
cupping your hands, you warmed it.

Though its wings may never fly so high,
they will grow stronger,
and the pain will diminish.
It was enough to have known
the sky for a season.

The bird is alive in your hand,
the bird that was searching.

—Willis Eberman—

Televised Portrait of a Very Articulate Physicist (whose name begins with — and ends with —)

White face and blank eyes,
An architectural statement:
Form follows function.
It will dance?
Let us see it dance:
Will it dance like Santa Maria della Salute?
It will sing?
Let us hear it sing:
Will it sing like St Martin's-in-the-Fields?
It prefers to emit smoke,
Like a railway station,
A useful terminus to motion;
a Modern Convenience.

—Franklin Dickey

Pulse

I listen through these fingertips at my wrist.
"Art thou there, truepenny?"
One . . . two . . . three . . . the moveless marching.
Not only Hamlet's father's ghost
But the ghosts of all our fathers
Stir in the audible dark.
The centuries crowd our veins;
Not with intent, we are cast as culmination.
Listen: the step of one who was valiant in battle;
The step of him who crept to weep in the forest.
Hostage still to the unstilled host,
I join them through these fingertips at my wrist.

—*Roland English Hartley*

Thalassa!

In passion I bent to the march, treading, treading,
Comrade to all and most to obedient women,
But hung on their last resistance, so degrading
A treadmill, hung on the speck of the superhuman
In passion's depths, denying my urgent reading
As if it were an impenetrable omen
In the bowels of love, or as if I were parading
Falsely among them, the pimpest catechumen,

Until my sickness came and I lay still,
Fallen alone in that country for a long, long time.
One day I heard in my head like a drowsy bell
The sound: "Thalassa!" And as the hawk will climb
In an empty sky, look down, and plunge at will,
I saw to their naked hearts, the foul, the sublime.

—*Hayden Carruth*

Nantasket Beach

The horizon has flat edges
that rise toward the center
and yet hold at overflow
rhythmic, seasick waves.
Boats, like wobbly toys,
move along the line
and drop and sink below
shot in this arcade
where the wind whistles
through its gums and large
sea birds patrol the shore.
Above, the sky is grey,
powdery, about to mourn
if Nature ever could.
But not the waves chop
such logic down and show
where the dark water sheen
ends in a curve of foam.

—*John J. Gill*

Mask

Behind the tattered brow
The skull looms sharp:
As branch survives its fruit
And wind-picked bark,
So bone releases flesh
To weather nakedly
And lone: on winter's frost
Burns summer's day.

—*Lucien Stryk*

On Planting a Cherry Tree

With iron hand
of shovel
scooping
earth
prairie black
(old roots
swarming
steeply
twilight
swimming
briefly)

I dig
down
to lodge
the cherry tree
(flowering
sweetly
in the moist
towering
dark
throat
of night)

—*David Pearson Etter*

Sun Dance - Sun

sun dance-sun
Apache-brazen
Shoshone-bold

war dance-sun
war paint-bright
assaults the cold

swift sassy
brave brassy
arrows of sun

bleed the day
to a tomahawked
scarlet death

in the crisp
Indian summer
afternoon

—*David Pearson Etter*

At the Edge of Morning

FOR SADJA AND ROBERT

At morning's edge, the tree's surprise
of leaves: a coming into green:
all an earnest of ripening—
but if this bright be all, what then?
What if the promise is the prize?

At morning's edge
who dare assume
that dawn is pledge
of afternoon?

The tree bird-bright
bends with weight
of only light—

who can know
what fruit may come?
Upon the bough
is leaf and now
the coming green.

At summer's verge
who can presume
leaf is the pledge
of fruit to come?

How can we know, who do not guess
until we must,
how rawly all happenings break on us?

Though mostly we see
no more than we
either desire
or can endure,
the day will, and does, come,
that will, and does, require
a willing risk.

When the tree at the edge of morning
startles with such a shining
as gift or doom,
the heart, enabled, dares its yes.
Now, as the tree at morning
dares the risk
of late snow, flake
of wind gone dark
freezing the root
and destroying
the promise of fruit,
you must dare
to blossom, knowing
the risk you take.

The actual marriage
moves always dangerously

at the edge of a silence
we learn to bless
because it is.
Now is a promise
being fulfilled, and never full.

But this is our native air:
this frontier where
the falling and the coming year
poise, sliding into silence,
gives us our acutest knowledge
of living always at this edge.

In the actual marriage
the darker lies
beside the bright,
in heal and hurt
the chances to love
sting like morning.

Nothing is known
but that the dancers suffer
a sea-change
into something
rich and strange,
and that it is enough
to choose the ruinousness of love.

In the actual marriage
you dance on the sharpest edge
and love dares be the bridge.

Bless you for being,
O my dear,
in whom I realize
over again how near
is night to morning:
light burns the eyes
to vital salt, whose sting
of love is the earnest and the prize
of green and actual paradise.

—Carol Christopher Drake

Lullaby for a Great Grandmother

Hush,
Sleep softly, sleep softly,
Do not wake, do not weep,
Sleep.

Night flutters down, enfolding the room,
And day gutters out like a spent candle.
Eternity ticks away on the nightstand.

Rest,
Close your eyes and forget,
Do not weep, do not grieve,
Rest.

Do not weep for the lost little Baby Louise,
Do not grieve for the grown son long in his grave,
Nor mourn the husband gone on before.

Dream,
Dream sweetly, dream gently,
Sleep and remember,
Dream.

Remember the children you once sang to sleep—
Children, grandchildren, and grandchildren's children—
Little ones soft and warm in your arms.

Sleep,
Do not wake, do not weep,
Dream softly on into Eternity,
Then sleep.

—*Elizabeth Shafer*

ON THE SLOW TRAIN from Mexico City to Cuernavaca—so slow that a tall man can reach out the window and pick orchids—armed soldiers still ride in somnolent vigilance. There is nothing for them to do, but since revolutionary orders pertaining to military escort on this particular line were never rescinded, the soldiers still ride. The escort is a late and empty manifestation of a once-violent spirit. One cannot yet say with certainty when the Mexican Revolution ended; rather than ending, it seems to have transformed itself piecemeal into diverse phenomena. Its sudden and tumultuous beginning on November 20, fifty years ago, was in strong contrast to the slow dwindling-off of its last effects. Confusion has reigned over much of the fifty-year period.

In Mexico as in the rest of the Western world, however, a pattern of events and attitudes is plainly discernible. History is the work of the human will; but the human will operates in a confusing context, and the ever-increasing complexity of societies everywhere has changed much that is personal into the impersonal, much that is idealistic into the expedient, much that is free into the inhibited. Valid or not, Ortega y Gasset's theory of a "de-humanization" of the arts in the twentieth century leads us to ponder an analogous theory: a "dehumanization of history" in approximately the same era.

The Mexican Revolution

a survey

PETER G. EARLE

Such a theory appears to contradict a patent reality, the exalted personalism of Mexican politics from the struggles for independence from Spain to the present. But though Mexico continues to live off the fruits of hyperpersonal politicians, since around 1920 these fruits have been substantially different from their nineteenth-century seeds. Poverty lingers; federal and state governments are not as democratically formed as they might be; graft is still a quick means to success; agricultural development is still hampered by a complex deviation of selfish interests and by adverse conditions of world

trade. But over the past fifty years there has undeniably been social, economic and cultural progress. The *person* has undoubtedly tended to submit to the institutionalism of revolution and evolution, but this is the fate of the entire Western world and Asia as well. One senses in Mexico what Martin Buber has called "the tyranny of the exuberantly growing It." The trajectory from the personal to the impersonal shows itself in the characteristic names of successive regimes. The period from 1876 to 1910 is identified by the first name of its predominant personage, Porfirio Díaz, from which derive the adjective *porfiriano* and the nouns *porfiriato* and *porfirismo*. In the initial phases of the Revolution persons still overshadow principles and programs, but strongmen of the various revolutionary factions lend their last names rather than their first to their respective movements: *carrancismo* comes from Venustiano Carranza, *huertismo* from Victoriano Huerta, *zapatismo* from Emiliano Zapata. After 1920 metamorphosis becomes evident; the Revolution and its ensuing reforms comprise an entity in themselves, above the desires and grudges of certain individuals. The one party in power since 1920 first identified itself as the Partido Revolucionario Nacional; later it assumed the somewhat paradoxical name of Partido Revolucionario *Institucional*, a symbol of the undeniable trend from anarchic, personal dynamism to institutional control.

On the other hand, a very evident sensitiveness and appreciation of the social needs of the individual has consistently characterized the Revolution. If its machinery has become impersonal, its principles have become increasingly humane. The dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz, by contrast, was intensely personal but also basically inhumane. Díaz' method of dealing with poverty, the scarcity of public schools, and slave labor in mines and on plantations was simply to ignore them insofar as he could.

1. The First Antecedents

The explosive and often barbaric nature of the twentieth-century Mexican Revolution makes sense only in the light of Mexican history in the nineteenth century. Circumstances were chaotic and subject to individual caprice. Between 1821 and 1876 there were no fewer than seventy-four administrations, and at times two or three existed simultaneously. All machinations were fair in the desire to govern. In 1829, for example, a turncoat Royalist officer named

Bustamante had recently become vice president. But his ambition went higher. Bustamante arranged to have the president (Vicente Guerrero)—who as the time was visiting the Pacific port of Acapulco—invited aboard a ship to have lunch with some cabinet members. Guerrero had no sooner eaten his first hors d'oeuvre when anchors were away. The ship sailed off to another port where Guerrero was quickly and quietly assassinated.

It was about this time that Antonio López de Santa Anna, a vain, pseudo-Napoleon, faithless to all men and causes, and an exemplary coward, began his intermittent despotism of twenty-five years. When a plague swept Mexico City in 1834 and was interpreted by many as divine punishment for an irreligious nation, Santa Anna (who had been elected president in 1832) assumed dictatorial powers. His pretext was the following:

It is very true that I threw up my cap for liberty with great ardor, and perfect sincerity, but very soon found the folly of it. A hundred years to come my people will not be fit for liberty. They do not know what it is, unenlightened as they are, and under the influence of a Catholic clergy a despotism is the proper government for them. But there is no reason why it should not be a wise and virtuous one.

It was neither the first nor the last time that a purely personalist remedy would be prescribed for Mexico, and Santa Anna, who was literally to crawl before Sam Houston after an ignominious defeat in Texas, was probably the most absurd example. A much later and different example of the traditional do-it-myself predisposition occurs in the last year of the Díaz regime (1910), when a government-controlled Mexico City newspaper offered a prize for the best "calculation" of the Federal District's population. The Dirección de Estadística, which had been set up in the 1890's for the purpose of efficient census taking, had done a poor job in 1900 and was not further to be trusted. But only by the wildest stretch of Mexican—or Hispanic—imagination, could *one person* do a better job.

However, one should not assume because of the chaotic mismanagement of self-seeking regimes in the nineteenth century that no significant advances were realized. Idealistic precepts were set in the Reform and Constitution of 1857 which would be readily adaptable to the circumstances accompanying promulgation of the Constitution of 1917: separation of Church and State, free public education, equitable distribution of arable lands, and so on. The

historical evolution of Mexico, like that of most of Hispanic America, was highly accelerated. In little over one hundred years it was undergoing changes roughly equivalent to those undergone in Western Europe over a period of five centuries. The Mexican phenomenon is all the more astounding when we consider that substantial progress was not made until after 1910. It is true that this progress would have been impossible without the struggles for Independence from 1810 to 1821, and without the social idealism that inspired Benito Juárez' attempts at sweeping reforms from 1856 to 1872. Progress was also abetted by Porfirio Díaz' development of railroads, mines and oilfields, instruments which the revolutionaries would later effectively utilize against the old regime. But, for the most part, the nineteenth-century attitude was anarchic and anti-progressive until 1876, and regimented and anti-progressive after that. In *The Meeting of East and West*, Northrop presents Mexico in the nineteenth century as an example of Comte's law of evolution from the theological through the metaphysical to the positive. Northrop based his analogy on the premise that during the first sixty years of the century Mexican intellectuals were influenced primarily by the liberalism of the French Enlightenment, and that the intellectuals of the Díaz regime were receptive to French positivism. But in neither of these eras did intellectuals prevail. Mexico lived instead in the shadow of the personal dynamism of Santa Anna, Benito Juárez and Porfirio Díaz. Democracy, liberalism, even positivism, were pass-words rather than guiding principles. Before 1876, anarchy, dissension and greed within, and flagrant intervention by the United States and France from without, had come close to annihilating Mexico as a national entity. In many respects, the era of Porfirio Díaz was more feudal than positivist, a fact indispensable to any pertinent discussion of the Revolution.

II. *The Díaz Regime*

Relatively few are enthusiastic today about the profusely bemedaled, semi-literate despot that was Porfirio Díaz. He is of course fondly remembered by a nostalgic minority. Elderly orthodox ladies recall the days of sweet waltz music and atrocious imitations of French architecture, of fine clothes and carriages, and of "decent people" ("gente decente"). This was a time when the rural Indian and the plebian ("gente indecente") knew their places. Díaz

quickly substituted military control for politics. Had he been better educated, he would have read enthusiastically from Machiavelli that "a prince . . . must not mind incurring the charge of cruelty for the purpose of keeping his subjects united and faithful; for, with very few examples he will be more merciful than those who, from excess of tenderness, allow disorders to rise, whence spring bloodshed and rapine; for these as a rule injure the whole community, while the executions carried out by the prince injure only individuals." By a doctrine known as "bread or sticks" (*pan o palos*), he announced to all involved in federal, state and municipal government that cooperation would merit reward from the public treasury; opposition would result in extermination. The rural police, which in its organization included many ex-highwaymen and murderers, made Mexico the "safest country in the world." In Díaz' own words:

We began by punishing robbery with death and requiring the execution of culprits within a few hours after they were caught and condemned. It had been the habit to cut the telegraph lines. We ordered that when the wires were cut, and the chief officer of that district failed to catch the criminal, he should himself suffer; and should the cutting occur on a plantation, the proprietor who failed to prevent it must be hanged to the telegraph pole nearest to the point where the wire was severed. These, of course, were military orders.

Alcoholism, prostitution, acceptance of Christian charity, were interpreted by Porfirian philosophy as personal, individual debilities with no roots whatever in the nation's social structure. About public education, Díaz was in theory concerned and in reality indifferent. A few model schools were constructed for propaganda purposes in the Federal District, while the nation at large was neglected. The illiteracy rate, which had been about 75 per cent in 1875, was over 80 per cent in 1910. Church and State publicly called for educational reforms, while in private systematically avoiding any action which might have led to their fulfillment.

Communal lands had belonged to the Indian villages since before the Conquest. These were confiscated. A common device of government agents was to induce Indians by gifts of alcohol, a chicken or a basket of corn, to sign false deeds to the desired properties. By this and other ruses "surveying companies," set up in 1883 and newly empowered in 1894, "transferred" or "bought" 180,000,000 acres. The beneficiaries were rich hacendados, many of

whom were Spanish, and also some Americans. A few ranches grew to areas of more than 300,000 acres. The result of this treachery was that about 97 per cent of those who tilled the soil owned nothing. They were called peons (*peon* also means "pawn" in a chess game). It is also well known that Díaz encouraged foreign investment to the extent that it exploited virtually all natural resources. It is true that he expanded the railroad lines from 500 miles in 1876 to 15,000 in 1910, but Americans held all the bond issues. Under his guidance oil production increased rapidly, but Americans and British owned the wells. Germans controlled the hardware and drug trade; Spaniards, the grocery stores and other small retail shops. In effect, Mexico was again a colony, not just of Spain, but of the United States and a good part of Europe. In 1910 James Creelman, a wide-eyed but not very perceptive American reporter, concluded with unconscious irony that "the republic, under the direction of President Díaz, maintains such admirable relations with other nations that it has not been found necessary to build up a Mexican navy." Inherent in all Hispanic American countries, until very recently, has been a notable lack of even token navies. To say that no Mexican navy had been "found necessary" is comparable to saying today that sidewalk dwellers in Calcutta have no real need of housing. Eleven major violations by Europe of the Monroe Doctrine between 1829 and 1864—all uncontested by the United States—and fifteen cases of armed intervention by the United States in Hispanic America between 1831 and 1933 seem to suggest that some use might have been found for defensive navies, or, at least, for a few strategically located gunboats. Equally naïve, President William Howard Taft observed that by 1910 the thirty to forty thousand Americans residing in Mexico had invested \$500,000; thereby they had "greatly contributed to the prosperity of that republic." That prosperous republic in which the peon's wage of about 12½ cents a day had remained unchanged for a hundred years, and in which living costs had risen from 150 to 400 per cent.

III. Violence

By 1900, elements of discord were showing. In that year a Liberal Party was quietly formed, and in 1906 it issued a proclamation. In the same year there were three important strikes and in 1907 there were twenty-five. Porfirio

Díaz announced in 1908 that he would not run for office again. But Francisco Madero, who had written a book on the need for moderate election reforms and who was gaining wide support as the opposition candidate, was imprisoned in the spring of 1910, when it became apparent that he might win. However Madero escaped to Texas; in San Antonio he issued a proclamation demanding Díaz' resignation and honest elections. On November 20 the Revolution began. When in May 1911, Díaz resigned and Madero took office, all Mexico rejoiced.

Francisco Madero had a unique quality: honesty. He was an idealist who believed that democratic theory was immediately applicable to hungry Mexico. Furthermore, he was an apostle of non-violence. But his honesty, his idealism and his principle of non-violence were the three main causes of his destruction. The poverty-stricken lower class needed land and a living wage, and though Madero had the will, he lacked the means to immediate reforms. An illiterate Indian, Emiliano Zapata—the impetuous “Attila of the South”—issued a manifesto against Madero scarcely a month and a half after the latter had assumed office. Zapata's farm laborers cried for “Land and Freedom”; uninformed as to political history, they were not concerned about clean elections or altruistic concepts of personal integrity. The Zapatistas did not wait. Throughout the states of Morelos, Mexico, Puebla and Oaxaca they plundered and burned and managed to take by force some of the farm land they had set out to get. Zapata was to continue his astute guerrilla tactics until his assassination in 1919. Of all the revolutionary armies his was the most flexible and the most difficult to combat. It would attack in small groups and when in danger would simply disappear, as its white-clad soldier-peons returned temporarily to their farming chores.

Madero was also besieged by conspirators, who, witnessing his inability to convert his country suddenly to prosperity, had their eye on the presidency. Curiously, the only powerful figure who remained faithful up to the time of Madero's assassination in February 1913, was the notorious Pancho Villa, who for all his barbarism knew how to preserve a personal loyalty when he felt like it. All the public indignation and private corruption nurtured by a century of anarchy and then of dictatorial oppression eventually exploded in Madero's face. Many historians have exaggerated Madero's weakness. They accuse him of failing to right an awesome accumulation of wrongs, which

were in fact the result of a century of corruption and despotism. How was he, or anyone else, to set it all right within a year?

The United States has traditionally been more than a mere spectator in the political crises of Hispanic America. No better example of this than the circumstances of Madero's resignation and death. In complicity with Porfirio Díaz' nephew Felix Díaz, Victoriano Huerta maneuvered himself toward the presidency. After several meetings in the United States Embassy between our meddling Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson and representatives of Huerta and Felix Díaz, it was decided that Madero should resign. But he was imprisoned as a security measure, later to be treacherously shot together with the vice president. In a state of complete inebriation, Victoriano Huerta stepped to a balcony of the National Palace and declared himself president.

The Revolution underwent three general phases. The initial or idealistic phase—one historian has called it the *lyrical* phase—ended with the death of Madero. The second, or military phase ended in 1920 with the death of President Carranza. The third, or consolidating phase ended in 1940 with the completion of Lázaro Cárdenas' six-year term. Each of the four caudillos who dominated the history of Mexico in the bloody period from 1913 to 1920 was in his time assassinated. Thinking of the situation dispassionately, one ventures to say that each of these assassinations was indispensable to progress. This is so because military operations and the accompanying carnage and plunder prior to 1920 had converted Madero's revolution into a useless civil war. Personal gain was the real motivation for fighting, Villistas and Zapatistas against Carrancistas and Obregonistas, then, Obregonistas against Carrancistas. The symbolic serpent on the Mexican flag seemed to be strangling the symbolic eagle.

Undeniably, there were during the presidency of the ex-Porfirian Senator Venustiano Carranza specific theoretical advances. The Constitution of 1917 declared that the nation directly owned all minerals and raw materials in the subsoil, a decree which caused considerable consternation among the foreign oil and mining companies. The same article declared that *all* property was subject to "conditional ownership," paving the way for eventual return of much arable land to the peons. Wage and hour laws were established. The Church was excluded from public education. Carranza, however, felt no revolutionary fire within him. He accepted but had no hand in composing

the Constitution. Moreover, he was surrounded by greedy and unprincipled military chieftains who looted the treasury and used the new agrarian laws to enlarge their private haciendas. Carranza also acquired notoriety for the systematic liquidation of his personal enemies, Zapata and the talented general Felipe Angeles among them.

Francisco Villa outlived his usefulness. Though not an articulate idealist, Pancho was capable of great sentiment. In the Aguascalientes convention of revolutionary generals in late 1914 he made an incoherent speech on the need for brotherhood among chieftains and, embracing Carranza, confessed in a profusion of tears that he had been planning his assassination for some time. At this moment he repented. Villa's makeshift cavalry ranged through the north and center of the country, plundering and looting. Long after his decisive defeat by Obregón's army of fierce Yaqui Indians, he continued his guerrilla activities in the North, provoked a punitive military mission from the United States and outfoxed General Pershing on several occasions. Villa had a strong, sentimentalized notion of rural Mexico's plight, but like Carranza, he eventually proved to be a serious detriment to the Revolution. While driving a new sports sedan to the bank on a spring day of 1923, he met his doom. His body was mangled by machine-gun fire and on the floor beside him was a bag of gold. The reward for his assassination was large.

IV. Consolidation

Little by little violence subsided, and each successive regime was more revolutionary. The least revolutionary part of the Revolution was actually its primary, violent phase. As Carranza hastily departed from Mexico City in a private train carrying a handsome portion of the treasury's bullion, Alvaro Obregón took over in December 1920. Obregón was the first revolutionary president to bring about radical reforms. He managed to expropriate some of the hacienda lands. Organized labor acquired great power and Obregón's minister of education, José Vasconcelos, established 1,000 rural elementary schools, recruited and trained many teachers.

Plutarco Elías Calles dominated politics for the ten years following his inauguration in 1924. He was more revolutionary, more intransigent and

more extremist than his predecessor. He expropriated more lands than Obregón had expropriated, but too few of them, owing to mysterious administrative difficulties, reached the peasants for whom they were intended.

Lázaro Cárdenas brought the Revolution to its culmination. More thoroughgoing but more civilized than his predecessors, he was able to restrain his most serious enemies without having them executed. More rural schools were built, more lands expropriated. Railroads were nationalized, as were the oil fields in 1938. Some precepts of the Constitution of 1917 were being fulfilled, and for the first time, the personal endeavors of a Mexican chief of state coincided with an articulate plan of government. More leftist than any of his predecessors, Cárdenas incurred the criticism of many who charge that his openly socialistic measures had adverse financial effects, evidence of which is the growing indebtedness of the oil industry and the railroads. In part, the criticism is valid, but the fact remains that Mexico's national economy has grown steadily stronger, and there is no doubt that the country has grown out of its ignominious status as a bargain colony for foreign exploitation.

And democracy prevails. If individuals have become politically subservient to a system, the so-called institutional party to which they cater has been able to recognize individual needs and rights. The essential freedom of the person is nowhere more jealously guarded than in Mexico. Corruption has by no means disappeared, but the acute sense of caricature that it inspires everywhere reveals that its degenerative power has weakened. Perhaps the most encouraging thing of all is that a new culture has accompanied Mexico's new autonomy. There are better poets, essayists and novelists today than at any time before the Revolution.

Revolutions grow out of basically bad circumstances; primarily they attempt to recover values, rights and privileges which, over a relatively long period of time, a relatively large group of people have lost. Only in a very vague and secondary sense, it seems to me, are revolutions utopian dreams of something new. Revolutions spring from oppression, not enlightenment, because oppression is unwittingly the greatest conditioner of the spirit. Rousseau would not have written his *Social Contract* without consciousness of militant social evils. Marxism would never have developed had not a new kind of poverty grown out of the industrial revolution. Simón Bolívar took advantage

of the chaotic political state of decadent colonialism in order to lead South America to independence—the struggles for independence were also a *revolution*. And the wealthy idealist, Francisco Madero, would have neither said nor done anything had his conscience not been nettled by the iniquities of Porfirio Díaz' regime. So it is that the revolutionary is moved to act, and his action is an interrogation which may or may not lead to the examination of all possible enlightenments.

The Suffolk Weavers

Dedham and Lavenham, Stoke-by-Nayland and Kersey
With their towering churches and vacant mansionry stare
On the swallow weaving patterns of sunny silence,
As if at their Tudor heyday, unaware
How giant-powered machines from Wharfe to Mersey
Have stripped their monopoly bare.

The master-merchants who built for their own self-blazon,
And sometimes for God's, and loosed from their pious fists
Enough and no more to keep the cottage-weavers
Alive in body till blindness crept with her mists,
Alike shall weave no more, the meek and the brazen.
Only this quiet persists.

And we, the same weft of good and evil, who fashion
Our life and art in a terror-whispering place,
Threatened by similar wheels of social changes
That will as surely antique our race—
O may we leave for the centuries' far compassion
Such beauty's redeeming grace.

—Geoffrey Johnson

In THE TOWN there are many races living, each in its own enclave, some of many square miles, some of a few acres only, some of but one or two streets. Its geographers say that it has more Italians than Rome, more Irish than Dublin, more Jews than Israel, more Armenians than Yerevan.

But this overlooks the most important race of all.

There is the further fact (known only to the more intense geographers): it has more Rrequesenians than any town in the world. There are more than a hundred of them.

By the vulgar the Rrequesenians are called Wrecks, and their quarter is Wreckville. And there is this that can be said of them that cannot be said of any other race on earth: Every one of them is a genius.

Adam Had
Three Brothers

These people are unique. They are not Gypsies, though they are often taken for them. They are not Semites. They are not even children of Adam.

a story

R. A. LAFFERTY

Willy McGilley, the oldest of the Wrecks (they now use Gentile names) has an old baked tablet made of straw and pressed sheep dung that is eight thousand years old and gives the true story of their origin. Adam had three brothers: Etienne, Yancy, and Rreq. Etienne and Yancy were bachelors. Rreq had a small family and all his issue have had small families; until now there are about two hundred of them in all, the most who have ever been in the world at one time. They have never intermarried with the children of Adam except once. And not being of the same recension they are not under the same curse to work for a living.

So they do not.

Instead they batten on the children of Adam by clever devices that are known in police court as swindles.

Catherine O'Conneley by ordinary standards would be reckoned as the most beautiful of the Wrecks. By at least three dozen men she was considered the most beautiful girl in the world. But by Wreckian standards she was plain. Her nose was too small, only a little larger than that of ordinary women; and she was skinny as a crow, being on the slight side of a hundred and sixty. Being beautiful only by worldly standards she was reduced even more than the rest of them to living by her wits and charms.

She was a show girl and a bar girl. She gave piano lessons and drawing lessons and tap-dancing lessons. She told fortunes and sold oriental rugs and junk jewelry, and kept company with lonely old rich men. She was able to do all these things because she was one bundle of energy.

She had no family except a number of unmarried uncles, the six Petapolis brothers, the three Petersens, the five Calderons, the four Oskanians, and Charley O'Malley, nineteen in all.

Now it was early morning and a lady knocked at her door.

"The oil stock is no good. I checked and the place would be three hundred miles out to sea and three miles down. My brother says I've been took."

"Possibly your brother isn't up on the latest developments in offshore drilling. We have the richest undeveloped field in the world and virtually no competition. I can promise we will have any number of gushers within a week. And if your brother has any money I can still let him have stock till noon today at a hundred and seventy-five dollars a share."

"But I only paid twenty-five a share for mine."

"See how fast it has gone up in only two days. What other stock rises so fast?"

"Well all right, I'll go tell him."

There was another knock on the door.

"My little girl take piano lessons for six weeks and all she can play is da da da."

"Good. It is better to learn one note thoroughly than just a little bit of all of them. She is not ready for the other notes yet. But I can tell you this: she is the most intelligent little girl I have ever seen in my life and I believe she has a positive genius for the piano. I truly believe she will blossom all at once and one of these days she will be playing complete symphonies."

"You really think so?"

"I do indeed."

"Well then I will pay you for six more weeks, but I do wish she could play more than da da da."

There was another knock at the door.

"Honey Bun, there was something wrong. I give you ten dollars to bet on Summertime in the first race at Marine Park; you say it's a sure thing and fifty to one. But now I find there isn't any such track as Marine Park and nobody ever heard of the horse. Huh, Honey Bun? What you do to your best boy friend?"

"O, we use code names. What if all these hot tips ever got out? Summertime of course was Long Day and Marine Park was Jamaica. And he only lost by about six noses. Wasn't that good for a fifty to one? And now I have an even better tip. It's so hot I can't even tell you the name of the horse, but I feel sure that twenty would get you a thousand."

"All the time I give you money but never I win yet, Honey Bun. Now you give a little kiss and we talk about another bet."

"I had surely thought our attachment was on a higher plane."

"Words, Honey Bun, always words. But you give, um, um, um, that's good. Now I bet again, but I bet I better win someday."

There was another knock on the door.

"How come you let my brother-in-law in on a good thing and never tell me? For a hundred he'll have two hundred and fifty in a week, and you never tell me, and I'm your friend and never persecute you when you don't pay your bill."

So she had to give her caller the same deal she had given his brother-in-law.

After that she went out to take the game out of her traps. She had set and baited them some days before. She had gone to see five hundred people, which took quite a while even for one with her excess of energy. And to each she said this:

"I have just discovered that I have an infallible gift of picking winners. Now I want you to give it a test. Here is a sure winner I have picked. I ask

you bet it, not with me, not with one of my uncles, but with a bookie of your own choice. I prefer not to know with whom you bet."

Of the five hundred there were a hundred and forty-four winners, very good. So the next day she went to the hundred and forty-four with even more assurance and offered them the same proposition again. And of the hundred and forty-four there were fifty-six winners. Very good, for she really could pick them.

To these fifty-six she went the third day and offered them the third sure bet free. And incredibly of the fifty-six there were nineteen winners.

This was repeated the next day, and of the nineteen there were seven winners.

Now she went to talk money. The seven lucky clients could not deny that she indeed had the gift of picking winners. She had given them all four straight in four days and her secret should surely be worth money. Besides, they had all let their bets ride and they had won a lot, an average of more than six hundred dollars.

But she would give no more free tips. She would only sell her complete and exclusive secret for a thousand dollars. And she collected from six of them. The seventh was Mazuma O'Shaunessey.

"I have given you four straight winners, but I cannot give you any more free tips. We will now talk cold turkey."

"O, put it in a basket, Katie."

"Why, what do you mean, sir?"

"I learned it in my cradle. The Inverted Pyramid. You tapped five hundred, and you got besides me how many? Five?"

"Six besides you, seven in all."

"Very good. You pick them nice for a little girl. But isn't that a lot of work for no more than a hatful of money?"

"Six thousand dollars is a large hatful. And there is always one smart alec like you who knows it all."

"Now Kate dear, let's look at it this way. I can really pick all the winners, not seven straights in five hundred, but all five hundred if I wished."

"O bah, you can't fool this little goose."

"O, I could prove it easily enough, but that's showy and I hate to be a show-off. So I suggest that you take my word for it and share my secret with me and give up this penny ante stuff."

"And all you want for your sure thing secret is five thousand dollars or so?"

"Why Kate, I don't want your money. I have so much that it's a burden to me. I only want to marry you."

She looked at him and she was not sure. O, not about marrying him, he was nice enough. She was not sure, she had never been sure, that he was a Wreck.

"Are you?"

"Why Kate, does one Wreck have to ask another that question?"

"I guess not. I'll go ask my uncles what they think. This is something of a decision."

She went to see all her bachelor uncles and asked them what they knew about Mazuma O'Shaunessey.

He was known to all of them.

"He is a competent boy, Kate," said Demetrio Petapolis. "If I do not miscount I once came out a little short on a deal with him. He knows the Virginia City Version, he knows the old Seven-Three-Three, he can do the Professor and His Dog, and the Little Audrey. And he seems to be quite rich. But is he?"

He meant, not is he rich, but—is he a Wreck?

"Does one Wreck have to ask another that question?" said Kate.

"No, I guess not."

Hodl Oskanian knew him too.

"That boy is real cute. It seems in the last deal I had with him he came out a little ahead. It seems that in every deal I have with him he comes out a little ahead. He knows the Denver Deal and the Chicago Cut. He does the Little Old Lady and the Blue Hat. He knows the Silver Lining and the Doghouse and the Double Doghouse. And he seems quite likeable. But is he?"

He meant, not was he likeable, but—was he a Wreck?

"Cannot one Wreck always tell another?" said Kate loftily.

Lars Petersen knew Mazuma too.

"He is a klog pog. He knows the Oslo Puds and the Copenhagen Streg. He knows the Farmer's Wife and the Little Black Dog. He can do the

Seventy-Three and the Supper Club. And he runs more tricks with the Sleepy River than anyone I ever saw, and has three different versions of the Raft and four of Down the Smoke Stack. And all the officers on the bilk squad give him half their pay every week to invest for them. He seems quite smart. But is he?"

He meant, not was he smart, but—is he a Wreck?

"Should one have to ask?" said Kate haughtily.

Her uncle Charley O'Malley also thought well of Mazuma.

"I am not sure but that at last count he was a raol or so ahead of me. He knows the Blue Eyed Drover and the Black Cow. He can do the Brandy Snifter with the best of them, and he isn't bashful with the Snake Doctor. He does a neat variation of the Bottom of the Barrel. He can work the Yellow Glove and the Glastonburry Giveaway. And he seems affable and urbane. But is he?"

He meant, not was he affable and urbane (he was), but—is he a Wreck? Ah, that was the question.

"How can you even ask?" said Kate.

So they were married and began one of the famous love affairs of the century. It went on for four years and each day brought new high adventure. They purged for the good of his soul a Dayton industrialist of an excessive sum of cash and thus restored his proper sense of values and taught him that money isn't everything. They toured the world in gracious fashion and took no more than their ample due for their comfortable maintenance. They relaxed the grip of tight-fisted Frenchmen and retaught them the stern virtues of poverty. They enforced an austere regime of abstinence and hard work on heretofore over-wealthy and over-weight German burghers and possibly restored their health and prolonged their lives. They had special stainless steel buckets made to bury their money in, and these they scattered in many countries and several continents. And they had as much fun as it is allowed mortals to have.

One pleasant afternoon Mazuma O'Shaunessey was in jail in a little town in Scotland. The jailer was gloomy and suspicious and not given to joking.

"No tricks from you now. I will not be taken."

"Just one to show I have the power. Stand back so I can't reach you."

"I'm not likely to let you."

"And hold up a pound note in one hand as tightly as you can. I will only flick my handkerchief and the note will be in my hand and no longer in yours."

"May I defy you. You cannot do it."

He held the note very tightly and closed his eyes with the effort. Mazuma flicked his handkerchief, but the Scotsman was right. He could not do it. This was the only time that Mazuma ever failed. Though the world quivered on its axis (and it did) yet the note was held so tightly that no power could dislodge it. But when the world quivered on its axis the effect was that Mazuma was now standing outside the cell and the Scotsman was within. And when the Chief came some minutes later Mazuma was gone and the Scotch jailer stood locked in the cell, his eyes still closed and the pound note yet held aloft in a grip of steel. So he was fired, or cashiered as the Old Worlders call it, for taking a bribe and letting a prisoner escape. And this is what usually comes as punishment to overly suspicious persons.

Katie still used the Inverted Pyramid and very effectively. Mazuma did not really have an unfailing talent for picking winners. He'd only said that to get Kate to marry him, and it was the best lie he ever told. But he did have an infallible talent for many things, and they thrived.

The first little cloud in the sky came once when they passed a plowman in a field in the fat land of Belgium.

"Ah, there is a happy man," said Mazuma. "Happy at work."

"Happy at work? O my God, what did you say? What kind of words are these, my husband?"

But in the months and years that followed, this frightening incident was forgotten.

The couple became the pride of Wreckville when they returned as they did several times a year and told their stories. Like the time the state troopers ran them down and cornered them with drawn guns.

"O, we don't want to take you in. We'll report that we couldn't catch you. Only tell us how you do it. We don't want to be troopers all our lives."

And the time they ran a little house in Faro Town itself. It was a small upstairs place and Katie played the piano, and they had only one bartender, a

faded little blonde girl with a cast in one eye, and only one table where Mazuma presided. And this where all the other Casinos were palaces that would make Buckingham look like a chicken coop.

And the funny thing is that they took in no money at all. The barmaid would always say all drinks were ten dollars, or failing that they were on the house; as they used no coin and had trays in the register for only tens, fifties, hundreds and thousands. It was too much trouble to do business any other way.

Katie would bait her money jar with several hundred dollar bills and one or two larger, and demurely refuse anything smaller for selections as she didn't want the jar filled up with wrapping paper. So she would tinkle along all night and all drinks were on the house, which was not too many as only three could sit at the bar at once.

And Mazuma never shook or dealt a game. He had only blue chips as he said any other color hurt his eyes. And no matter what the price of the chips, it was legendary and gained zeros as it was retold.

Several of the larger sports came up the stairs out of curiosity. And their feelings were hurt when they were told they were too little to play, for they weren't little at all. So Mazuma sat all night Monday through Friday and never cut a hand or shook a bone.

Then on Saturday night the really big boys came upstairs to see what it was about. They were the owners of the nine big Casinos in town, and six of these gentlemen had to sit on boxes. Their aggregate worth would total out a dollar and thirteen cents to every inhabitant of the U.S.

Katie tinkled tunes all night for a hundred to five hundred dollars a selection, and Mazuma dealt on the little table. And when the sun came up they owned a share of all nine of the big Casinos, and had acquired other assets besides.

Of course these stories of Katie and Mazuma were topped, as about half the Wrecks went on the road, and they had some fancy narrations when they got back to Wreckville.

And then the bottom fell out of the world.

They had three beautiful children now. The oldest was three years old and he could already shake, deal, shuffle, and con with the best of them. He knew the Golden Gambit and the Four Quarters and the Nine Dollar Dog

and Three Fish Out. And every evening he came in with a marble bag full of half dollars and quarters that he had taken from the children in the neighborhood. The middle child was two, but already she could calculate odds like lightning, and she picked track winners in her dreams. She ran sucker ads in the papers and had set up a remunerative mail-order business. The youngest was only one and could not yet talk. But he carried chalk and a slate and marked up odds and made book, and was really quite successful in a small way. He knew the Four Diamond trick and the Two Story Chicken Coop, the Thimblorig Reverse and the Canal Boat Cut. They were intelligent children and theirs was a happy home.

One day Mazuma said, "We ought to get out of it, Kate."

"Out of what?"

"Get out of the business. Raise the children in a more wholesome atmosphere. Buy a farm and settle down."

"You mean the Blue Valley Farmer trick? Is it old enough to be new yet? And it takes nearly three weeks to set it up, and it never did pay too well for all the trouble."

"No, I do not mean the Blue Valley Farmer trick. I don't mean any trick, swindle, or con. I think we should get out of the whole grind and go to work like honest people."

And when she heard these terrible words Katie fell into a dead faint.

That is all of it. He was not a Wreck. He was a common trickster and he had caught the sickness of repentance. The bottom had fallen out of the world indeed. The three unsolvable problems of the Greeks were squaring the circle, trisecting the angle, and re-bottoming the world. They cannot be done.

They have been separated for many years. The three children were reared by their father under the recension and curse of Adam. One is a professor of mathematics, but I doubt if he can figure odds as rapidly as he could when he was one year old. The middle one is now a grand lady, but she has lost the facility of picking track winners in her dreams and much else that made her charming. And the oldest one is a senator from a state that I despise.

And Katie is now the wisest old witch in Wrecktown. But she has never quite been forgiven her youthful indiscretion when she married an Adamite who fell like his ancient father and deigned to work for a living.

Books



Illustration by William Moyers from *Crazy Horse*, by Shannon Garst. Houghton Mifflin Co., 1950.

the Trails that Crossed

One century ago there was no attempt to "write-down" for children, to abridge, or simplify; young people of any caliber were expected to cut their teeth on the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Poor Richard's Almanac*, and Shakespeare—whether they understood what was written or not.

No foolishness in those days—little time to waste on nonessentials. Our stern elders insisted that children learn what was "good for them," and if the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Shakespeare were filled with horror stories to equal present-day television, that had to be taken in stride. At least, their little heads were being crammed with great literature.

A gradual and perceptible change took place, however, with the advent of Louisa May Alcott's books which immediately become successful, largely because children were portrayed as real individuals and not little wooden puppets as most adult authors were wont to portray them. Later such robust authors as Rudyard Kipling and Jack London used their pens to hold the interest of young people. Now one finds stories of all types on

the market for children—light entertainment and serious subjects, poetry and prose, specialized and technical, good and bad, graded for the tiny-tot to the teenager.

The influence of literature out of the West on the rest of the nation must not be overlooked. In recent years, the Newbery Medal, the highest children's literature recognition in the United States, has been awarded to several writers with books of western settings. *Waterless Mountain* (Longmans, Green & Co., Inc.) by Laura Adams Armer won the 1932 award with the story of one of the Navajo's sacred mountains and a boy's steady belief that deep inside the mountain must hold water. Marguerite Henry, the 1949 winner for her *King of the Wind* (Rand McNally & Co.), also has written *Brightly of the Grand Canyon*, the story of a shaggy little burro who roams freely up and down the canyon walls. It is interestingly illustrated by Wesley Dennis, who illustrated Miss Henry's other books. . . . *And Now, Miguel* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.) by Joseph Krumboltz, the 1945 winner, has a Spanish-American setting in a valley at the foot of the Sangre de Cristo Range. Ann Nolan Clark, who has written many beautiful books of the Southwest, won the 1953 Newbery award with *Secret of the Andes* (Viking Press).

However, for the sake of brevity and unity some boundary lines must be drawn. I allowed the inhabitants of certain parts of the Southwest to draw the lines themselves. One cohesive thought throughout which binds the three different cultures together in Southwest literature is the land in which they live—the desert with its everlasting sand surrounded by jagged blue horizons of jutting mountains and purple mesas with the turquoise sky and the blazing sun overhead—and the lack of water. Feuding over water has triggered the plot of more than one western story.

Of as much importance in Southwest literature as the lack of water are the people who occupy this strange land of harsh winds and distant mountains—a people whose paths crossed and criss-crossed, and met again. The contrast between these three cultures is as great as that of the desert from the mountains and yet they are inalienably linked together, for we find that in the criss-crossing paths one often overlaps another and frequently travels beside it for a distance, then abruptly erupts into violent opposition.

The Indian, the closest aligned to the land, moving silently in the rhythm of it, sometimes fading completely into its backdrop of sun, cacti, and mesa, is influenced the most by his heritage. Many of the books about the Pueblo, Navajo, and Apache have captured the strange rhythm of this unfathomable land and the red man who has worn the trails deep and smooth with the padding of his moccasined feet.

The trails start with *The Lost Americans* (Crowell) by Frank C. Hibben, illustrated by John De Grasse. This is the fascinating story of the first Americans coming across the Bering Strait on a land bridge and working their way slowly down into the continent. The book follows the evolution of these hardy hunters through the trails left of their flint knives and javelin points from the time of the Sandia Man, to the Folsom Man, and down to the time of the Yuma Man. Dr. Hibben, an active explorer and hunter, traced the story of these intrepid hunters from Alaska to New Mexico.

Indians of the Four Corners (Crowell) by Alice Marriott is of the *Anasazi* (The Ancient Ones) ancestors of the Hopi and the other Pueblo people and of the Apaches

who lived in Mesa Verde in southern Colorado and in Aztec and Chaco Canyon in northern New Mexico before the devastating drought of 1276.

Prehistoric man in North America is also covered by Alice Marriott in her new book *The First Comers: Indians of America's Dawn* (Longmans), illustrated by Harvey Weiss. This is the story of modern man's search for the ancient occupants of early America. Characters in the story are Sandia Man and Folsom Man in New Mexico and the "Hohokam" people, which is the Piman name for "The Old Ancestors," of southwestern Arizona.

Prehistoric America (Random House) by Anne Terry White is a "Landmark" series book on early man in America.

The Pueblos, Navajo, Apaches, Pimas, and the Plains Indians among others are discussed in *The American Indian* (Golden Press) a special pictorial edition for young readers by Pulitzer Prize winner, Oliver La Farge.

The descendants of Dr. Hibben's *Lost Americans* and of Miss Marriott's *Indians of the Four Corners* are taken up by Lucille Mulcahy in her book, *Natoto* (Thomas Nelson & Sons), a teen-age story of Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon in northern New Mexico. Here, we know definitely, the trails of the Pueblos clashed with those of the Apache and later the Navajo. *Dark Arrow* (Coward-McCann, Inc.) by the same author and illustrated by Herbert Danska, tells of the Tewas a few hundred years later in the retrogressive period, after the Pueblos had been broken by the great drought. The trails were worn a little deeper in the restlessness that followed in the search for permanent water supplies.

With the arrival of the Spaniards in the Southwest, more trails crossed—and clashed. Up from Mexico came the explorers, *Coronado and his Captains* (Follett Publishing Co., illustrated by Harve Stein), seeking glory and gold. One exploration detachment penetrated the western country, discovering the Grand Canyon and ascending the Colorado River, while others followed the course of the Rio Grande, crossed the Texas Panhandle and Oklahoma and reached eastern Kansas. The story by Camilla Campbell is based on fact but reads more like fiction.

When the Spaniards spent the winter on the banks of the Rio Grande at the Indian Pueblo of Tiguex, it is seen through the eyes of a little *Pueblo Girl* in a book by Cornelia J. Cannon, published by Houghton Mifflin.

Accompanying the explorers were the ubiquitous Franciscan Fathers, fervently intent upon saving the souls of the New World. The story of one of these earnest missionaries is told in *Desert Padre* (Bruce Publishing Co.) by John Thayer. Father Eusebio Kino, map-maker, explorer, and endurance rider, taught the peaceful Pimas of southern Arizona and Lower California how to farm and he discovered that Lower California was not an island, as believed, but attached to the mainland.

George Cory Franklin wrote *Pioneer Horse* (Houghton Mifflin), illustrated in black and white drawings by William Moyers. It is the story of *El Arriero el Grande*, called "Arre" for short, an Arabian stallion, one of the most famous horses of his time. According to legend he was brought to Mexico about 1519 and shortly thereafter escaped from the Spanish camp to head northward over the plains with a band of mares.

As one might expect, this would lead eventually to *Indians on Horseback* (Crowell) illustrated by Margaret Le Franc and written by Alice Marriott. Miss Marriott, ethnologist and one of the Southwest's favorite story-tellers, skillfully weaves her knowledge of Indians into entertaining tales for young and old alike. In her *Winter-telling Tales* (Crowell) she patiently listened to the elders of the Plains Indians while they told their folk tales in slow and sometimes laborious speech.

Another book of further interest on the early Spanish explorers is *Three Conquistadors: Cortes, Coronado, Pizarro* (Julian Messner, Inc.), by Shannon Garst.

The Silver Fleece (John C. Winston Co.) by Florence Crannell Means and Carl Means, illustrated by Edwin Schmidt, is a tale of the Spanish colonists, of the people who resettled their ranches in 1695, fourteen years after a bloody revolt had driven them from New to Old Mexico. It tells of teen-age twins, Domingo and Lucia Rivera, who return to their home land to find it in ruins. This book is one of the "Land of the Free" series.

With the advent of horses in the Southwest, the trails crossed more frequently. Coming on the scene next and blazing one of the most noble trails of all time were the renowned Mountain Men, as adventurous and almost as hardy as Dr. Hibben's *Lost Americans*.

The Trail to Santa Fe (Houghton Mifflin) by David Lavender and illustrated beautifully by Nicholas Eggenhofer, describes the most famous trail in the West. A book in the "We Were There" series is *On the Santa Fe Trail* (Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.) by Ross M. Taylor and illustrated by Albert Orbaan. Samuel Hopkins Adams prepared a book for the Landmark series (Random House) titled *The Santa Fe Trail*.

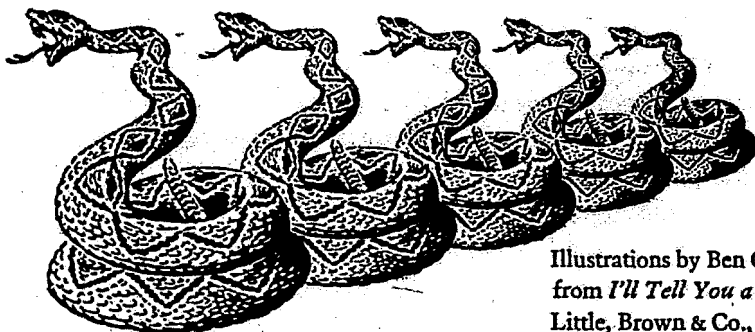
The Santa Fe Trail can't be mentioned without giving credit to the men who carved it. These men in search of beaver and adventure are described in *Trappers of the West* (Crowell) by Fred Reinfeld and illustrated by Douglas Gorsline. Another Landmark book (Random House) is *Trappers and Traders of the Far West*, by James Daugherty.

The greatest of them all was Kit Carson, scout, trail blazer, and Indian fighter. Donald E. Worcester tells his story in *Kit Carson Mountain Man* (Houghton Mifflin), illustrated by Jo Polseno. Ralph Moody (author of *Little Britches* and *The Home Ranch*) did a book on *Kit Carson and the Wild Frontier* for the Landmark series.

Shannon Garst, one of the ablest biographers of Western personalities for young people, has written three books about the early Mountain Men: *Kit Carson: Trail Blazer and Scout* (Messner), *Dick Wootton: Trail Blazer of Raton Pass* (Messner), and *Jim Bridger* (Houghton Mifflin). Bent's Fort, a rest haven for the weary travelers on the Santa Fe Trail, is described in her *William Bent and his Adobe Empire* (Messner). Mrs. Garst is also the author of *Crazy Horse* (Houghton Mifflin).

A book which would be of special interest to the very young because of its beautiful illustrations is *The Tree in the Trail* (Houghton Mifflin), written by Holling C. Holling. The Tree, a landmark on the trail West, became known as a "Good Medicine Tree."

America was on the move; the Mountain Men opened the way and then Kearny made his march to California when the U.S. decided to take over western America to make a broad highway to the sea. While in Texas a new nation was struggling for



Illustrations by Ben Carlton Mead
from *I'll Tell You a Tale*, by J. Frank Dobie.
Little, Brown & Co., 1960.

independence and its struggle seemed to center around the Alamo and the men who died there in a blaze of glory. *The Birth of Texas* (Houghton Mifflin) by William Weber Johnson, illustrated by Herb Mott, tells the story of their death struggle. Ramona Maher, editor at The University of New Mexico Press and a former resident of Texas, has written a stirring teen-age novel for the "Daughters of Valor" series. Her young heroine, Susanna Dickinson, was present for the last days of the Alamo in *Their Shining Hour* (John Day Co.).

In the Landmark series for Random House are: *Davy Crockett* of coonskin-cap fame, written by Stewart H. Holbrook. *Remember the Alamo!* was the battle cry of the day and is the title of a juvenile by Robert Penn Warren. *Sam Houston, the Tallest Texan* comes on the scene through a story by William Johnson. *The Pony Express*, almost as exalted as the Santa Fe Trail itself, came into being and a book by Samuel Hopkins Adams bears that title.

Over in Arizona near dread Apache Pass, Alan Warden, separated from his family during an Indian raid, becomes the marauders' captive. The story of *Son of the Thunder People* (Westminster Press) by Gordon D. Shirreffs is a tight, exciting novel for teen-age boys.

In 1877, James Willard Schultz, then only seventeen years old, took a trip up the Missouri River which was still untamed territory. He later became a member of the Blackfoot Indian Tribe and out of his experiences evolved several books, among them: *The Trail of the Spanish Horse* and *With the Indians in the Rockies* (Houghton Mifflin), illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund.

The Apaches and the Navajos went on the war path in earnest when they saw how their lands were being invaded by these white trappers, traders, and adventurers who were coming in such great numbers. Sonia Bleeker uses this action in *Apache Indians: Raiders of the Southwest* (William Morrow). Jim Kjelgaard tells the story of two of the great Indian chiefs: *The Story of Geronimo and Cochise, Chief of Warriors* (Grosset & Dunlap, now out of print). Ralph Moody relates the story of the renegade chief, *Geronimo: Wolf of the Warpath*, and Quentin Reynolds describes *Custer's Last Stand* for the Landmark series.

But nothing stopped the invasion. "To California or Bust" signs appeared on the sides of many huge canvas-covered Conestoga wagons as they rolled over the prairies,

fording streams, and pushed their way through mountains. The Landmark book, *Heroines of the Early West* by Nancy Wilson Ross, tells of some of the first white women to cross the Rocky Mountains with their men. *To California by Covered Wagon* (Landmark) by George R. Stewart chronicles the same struggle. Interest in California was spurred on by *The California Gold Rush* (Landmark) by May McNeer. A different incentive brought *The Coming of the Mormons to the West* (Landmark) by Jim Kjelgaard.

The Building of the First Transcontinental Railroad (Landmark) by Adele Gutman Nathan was bound to come sooner or later. Other trails were in the making. J. Frank Dobie, along with his stirring tales of buried gold and huge ranches, has written *Up The Trail From Texas*, a Landmark book. Ross McLaury Taylor wrote of a famous cattle trail, *The Chisholm Trail* (Grosset & Dunlap) for the "We Were There" series.

The more people and cattle used the trails the more the water sources were drained and the more it finally became apparent that some form of water equalization or distribution would have to be maintained.

To try to solve the water problem a herd of camels was brought from the Orient to the Southwest desert, ending in an ill-fated venture. The story of *Hi Jolly* (Dodd, Mead & Co.) by Jim Kjelgaard, is of this Camel Corps and of Hādji Ali (Americanized into Hi Jolly), the fugitive young Syrian camel driver who sought refuge in America with his loyal companion, Ben Akbar, the magnificent riding camel, to help survey a wagon road across the desert between Fort Defiance and the California border, bridging the final gap in a transcontinental highway. Since then many a lone cowboy or prospector has wandered dazedly into camp with a tale of having seen a wild herd of camels in the distance. If these stories are chimerical, they have not been proved either true or false.

Vast cattle empires were being established in the West and with them came the glorified cowboy who lived in his saddle and by his gun, who could do no wrong, and who was the defender of women, virtuous and unvirtuous—or so the fiction of his day tells us.

Ross Santee wrote *Rusty: A Cowboy of the Old West* (Charles Scribner's Sons), the story of a boy who grew up in that West which is no more—the West of buffalo hunts and cattle drives, of stagecoaches and Indian fights. *Apache Land*, by the same author, is the work of an able writer and talented artist, of a cowpuncher who speaks from personal experience. In his own words, Mr. Santee sought "to make Apache Land sing," and he has done it magnificently in the book.

The Texas Rangers (Landmark title by Will Henry) were keeping law and order on the border. Over in Tucson, *Wyatt Earp: U.S. Marshal* (Landmark book by Stewart H. Holbrook) and *Bat Masterson* (Messner book by Dale White) in strategic areas of the West, were doing the same thing.

On the heels of the cowboys and cattle drives came the homesteaders—farmers with their families and a milk cow and chickens. Loula Grace Erdman, of West Texas State College, chose for a subject a family who migrated to the Panhandle and became one of the first wheat homesteaders in the area. The adventures of the Pierce family became a

trilogy for teen-age girls. The first book tells of the oldest girl, Melinda, in *The Wind Blows Free* (Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.); the second book, *The Wide Horizon*, is the story of Katie; and the story of the youngest girl, Carolyn, is told in *The Good Land*. The coming of the homesteaders and their families marked the beginning of the taming of the West.

In 1869 the final exploration thrusts in the Southwest were being pushed and a small group made a harrowing trip *Down the Colorado with Major Powell* (Houghton Mifflin), told by the able writer James Ramsey Ullman and illustrated by Nicholas Eggenhofer's colorful brush. The Powell party started in the rushing tide of Green River out of Wyoming into Utah, and hundreds of miles through unknown country, then down the Colorado into Arizona and rushed on towards its mouth across California, where the river finally flows into the Gulf of California.

Ernest Thompson Seton, naturalist, artist, and author, wrote books of animals, Indians and all things close to nature. Many of his books are still popular and enjoyed by young people today, especially by boys. Among his better-known works, which are illustrated by the author's excellent pen and ink drawings, are: *Wild Animals I Have Known* (Random House), *Biography of a Grizzly* (Scribner and Grosset), *Two Little Savages* (Doubleday), and *Animal Tracks and Hunter Signs* (Doubleday).

With the passing of the turbulent years in the Southwest, a calmer more tolerant attitude spread over all three cultures. The people began to mingle more freely, borrowing and lending from the best of each nature, and respecting the rights of one another.

Of such a land Oliver La Farge wrote in *The Mother Ditch* (Houghton Mifflin), the story of a dry land and the people who live on it and the sharing of the meager supply of water to irrigate their farms. Mr. La Farge, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for his adult book, *Laughing Boy* (Houghton Mifflin), is a resident of Santa Fe, as is Karl Larsson, who illustrated *The Mother Ditch*.

Paul Horgan, another Pulitzer Prize winner with his *Great River*, has written a beautiful and touching story of *The Saintmaker's Christmas Eve* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy).

Elizabeth Coatsworth, a prolific children's book writer, has lent her talent to several books of the Southwest. *Indian Encounters* (Macmillan) illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman, is an anthology of stories and poems by the author. *Desert Dan* (Viking) her latest book, illustrated by Harper Johnson, is the story of a kind old Arizona desert wanderer.

The Cave (Viking) is the story of Jim Boy-who-Loves-Sheep, and the trip to summer pasture. The book is written and illustrated by Allan Houser, an Apache Indian and a teacher of Indians himself. On the comic side for ages five to ten is a new book, *The*

Ben Carlton Mead



Amazing Adventure of High Henry, the Cowboy Who Was too Tall to Ride a Horse. It is not the proverbial camel that has wandered out of the desert to provide Henry with a horse. It is a "Girafforse," to coin a name. The author is Charles Douthie (Dodd, Mead) and the illustrator is Don Gregg.

Lloyd Tireman wrote several books for the pre-school child, which were adapted by Evelyn Yrisarri. Among them were *Baby Jack* and *Jumping Jack Rabbit*, illustrated by Ralph Douglass. These books (now o.p.) were published by The University of New Mexico Press in their "Mesaland" series.

Wilfred McCormick does wholesome sports books with a Southwest setting for boys. His "Bronc Burnett" series is published by Putnam and Grosset, and the "Rocky McCune" series is published by David McKay.

Sonia Bleeker has written two books on the Southwestern Indians: *Navaho Herders, Weavers, and Silversmiths*, and *Pueblo Indians: Farmers of the Rio Grande*, both published by Morrow.

Two author-artists with considerable appeal to the younger group are Laura Atkinson, who wrote and illustrated *Pack Rat School*, and *The Horny-Toad Kite*, stories of a small mountain village school; and Theresa K. Smith who wrote *Wiki of Walpi*, the story of a young Indian boy who was "different," and *Poncho and the Pink Horse* of a fiesta in Santa Fe. All four books are published by the Steck Company of Austin, Texas.

Florence Hayes has two interesting books of Navajo land. In *Chee and his Pony* (Houghton Mifflin), the young hero spends two years in the "White Man's school" and learns to meet his problems maturely. Cheedah in *The Good Luck Feather* (Houghton Mifflin) has many of the same problems of adjusting to the white man's world. Mrs. Hayes's books reflect warmth and sympathy toward the Navajo and his way of life.

Year after year the Indians of the Southwest are afflicted by a different kind of invasion with the influx of tourists, archaeologists, anthropologists, etc. Flora Bailey wrote of an archaeologist and his family in *Summer at Yellow Singer's* and *Between the Four Mountains* (Macmillan).

Following the mellow trend in contemporary Southwestern literature is *Pita* (Coward McCann) a romantic novel of Spanish-American life for teen-age girls. *Blue Marshmallow Mountains* (Nelson), illustrated by Don Lamno, tells of a peddler grandfather and his orphaned grandchildren who travel from one mountain village to another during the summer. *Magic Fingers* (Nelson), illustrated by the same artist, is the story of pottery.

Ben Carlton Mead



making in a contemporary Indian pueblo. All three books were written by Lucille Mulcahy.

Ann Nolan Clark is one of the most competent authors of Southwestern stories for the eight-to-twelve age group. She has managed to catch the "music" of the Indian in her prose-poetry novels. *In My Mother's House* (Viking) is the gentle-story of a little Pueblo girl's life in her village and in her mother's house. The book is nicely illustrated by Velino Herrera. *Little Navajo Bluebird* (Viking), illustrated by Paul Lantz, is the story of a gentle, sensitive Indian girl who is learning of new ways in a changing world even on the reservation. *A Santo For Pasqualita* (Viking), illustrated by Mary Vallarejo, is of orphaned Pasqualita who goes to live in the home of a *santo* carver.

Elizabeth Hamilton Frierhood wrote a teen-age novel of health-seekers in the Southwest in her *Candle in the Sun* (Doubleday). Mrs. Frierhood writes almost as if from personal experience about a family who comes to the Southwest desert in search of health, and the young heroine who met such devastating problems so courageously.

Holling C. Holling has authored two books of non-fiction for young people, *The Book of Indians* and *The Book of Cowboys* published by Platt. The books are illustrated by H. C. Holling and Lucille Holling.

... *And Now Miguell* (Crowell), by Joseph Krumgold and illustrated by Jean Charlot, is the story of present-day sheep ranching and of Miguel who longed to go to the mountains in the hopes of finding his place in the scheme of things. This book won the Newbery Medal for 1954.

Old Ramon (Houghton Mifflin) by Jack Schaefer, the author of *Shane*, and illustrated by Harold West, is another story of sheepherding and of old Ramon, gnarled as a wind-whipped desert juniper, who is given charge of his patron's son for the summer, the year they take the sheep to summer range.

George Cory Franklin has written wonderful human interest stories about animals, including *Monte* and *Son of Monte* (Houghton Mifflin), bears that inhabit a game reserve near his home; *Brovo the Bummer* (Houghton Mifflin), a mountain goat; and *Tuffy* (Houghton Mifflin), an industrious beaver. Mr. Franklin tells of sitting on the front porch of his Colorado ranch home and watching these animals through field glasses while they perform many of the deeds credited to them in his books.

So the trails met and crossed and finally decided to travel along together. A new breed of men is now blazing a new trail, a pathway that leads to the open sky. At Los Alamos, White Sands Proving Grounds, and test sites in Nevada and Utah, men gaze eagerly into the heavens, as eagerly as did the Mountain Men from one peak to another.

With so many accomplished authors writing of the Southwest now, it is safe to assume that many more works of art will come from the people who inhabit the land in the future, stories of new trails.

—Lucille B. Mulcahy

Author of several juvenile books for young people, the latest of which is *Nateto*, Lucille B. Mulcahy was educated in Albuquerque public schools and attended New Mexico State University. Mrs. Mulcahy heads the children's book department in an Albuquerque book store.

THE CIVIL WAR IN THE WESTERN TERRITORIES: Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, and Utah, by Ray C. Colton. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1959. 230 pp. \$5.00.

Most momentous battles of the Civil War were fought on verdant fields east of the Mississippi River. This thorough study describes some battles, all generally on a smaller scale, that occurred in the arid region to the west.

But the fighting was possibly no less decisive. "Confederate leaders planned to annex a corridor from the Rio Grande in Texas to the Pacific Coast of California," the author states in a concise foreword. "They expected the Spanish American population of New Mexico to espouse the Southern Cause and California to secede from the Union. Their financiers hoped that the mineral wealth of the West could be won by the Confederacy. Their strategists assumed that the Mormons would join in opposition to the Federal government. Slavery advocates proposed that California, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Colorado, when annexed to the Confederacy, be used for the extension of their system. Southern military leaders planned that the Western Indians would give indirect, if not direct, aid to the defeat of the Union forces."

If all these plans had worked in favor of the Confederacy, the outcome of the war might have been different. But this ambitious scheme was doomed, actually, from the time the invasion of New Mexico was initiated—on July 23, 1861—by the Second Texas Regiment, Mounted Rifles, led by Lieutenant Colonel John R. Baylor. Later, of course, came the army under General Henry H. Sibley.

After some initial Confederate successes—due primarily to the complacency of certain Union commanders—the invaders were decisively beaten in battles two days apart: on March 26, 1862, at Apache Canyon, and on March 28 at Glorieta, "the Gettysburg of the West."

Mr. Colton has done a commendable job of compiling information on the Civil War in the West, a subject—one of the few—not overworked as the centennial nears. His footnotes are especially interesting; he uses them frequently to add supplemental information which brings his book up to date. For example, he locates for today's sight-seers Valverde Battlefield, where the first major action in the Confederate Southwestern campaign occurred.

He also describes the horrors of western war fairly well. There was the time, for instance, when a group of Union soldiers was captured and paroled far from water; they reportedly opened their veins and drank their own blood in an effort to quench their thirst.

The book might have been improved by more maps, especially by enlarged, detailed maps showing the terrain and the troop locations and movements for the major battles.

—John Edward Weems

VICKSBURG; A PEOPLE AT WAR, 1860-1865, by Peter F. Walker. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1960. 235 pp. \$5.00.

One of the most unusual, most original books to appear in the current flood of Civil War narratives is this painstakingly researched work by a University of North Carolina history professor. Its distinction is due in part to the absence of details of

bloody military campaigns and stirring descriptions of great generals, but its distinction is due primarily to the remarkably thorough description of a city and of its civilian inhabitants during War, and particularly during one of the most trying sieges in history.

As would be expected of a serious historian, Professor Walker does not limit his narrative to the intensive forty-seven-day siege of Vicksburg ordered by General Grant after his army had sent the battered Confederates reeling into the city from the Battle of Champion's Hill. (This was the siege that resulted in the surrender.) He begins instead with a description of the city on the eve of rebellion—a city that, by the way, gave up opposition to secession reluctantly. With that as a beginning, the book moves on to war (always portraying every phase of civilian life): to the early overconfidence of Vicksburg's people, then to their various degrees of concern and fright as fighting drew closer, and, finally, to the siege and the defenders' collapse. This occurred on July 4, 1863, and not until 1945, with World War II nearing a conclusion, were Vicksburg's citizens again sufficiently moved to join the nation in celebrating Independence Day.

Professor Walker lets eyewitnesses tell the story, relying heavily on documented direct quotations. He has apparently made use of every diary, every letter on the subject known to exist in Southern libraries and in Washington, D.C., collections. This lends the narrative freshness, even for a reader who is familiar with the war story of Vicksburg. But it should also be noted that when Professor Walker does not quote he writes with verve; this book represents a pleasant combination of history that is

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both readable and scholarly. One noticeable flaw is the absence of a good, clear map of the city.

Surely this is the last word on the siege from the civilian slant. And with Earl Schenck Miers' *The Web of Victory* (which looked at the Vicksburg campaign from General Grant's viewpoint) and John C. Pemberton's *Pemberton, Defender of Vicksburg* (which viewed the defense through the eyes of the Confederate commander) Professor Walker's book completes a study of all three phases of the Vicksburg campaign—completes, but probably does not terminate.

—John Edward Weems

Assistant to the director of the University of Texas Press, Mr. Weems is the author of *A Weekend in September*, *The Fate of the Maine*, and *Race for the Pole*. He visited Vicksburg last summer on a research trip, but has been sidetracked by his interest in Texas' fabulous Philip Nolan.

A. LINCOLN, PRAIRIE LAWYER, by John J. Duff. New York: Rinehart & Company, Inc., 1960. 441 pp. \$7.50.

In this age when specialization is the trend in law, the role of the general practitioner is easily overlooked. In *A. Lincoln, Prairie Lawyer*, the author captures significant contributions that can be made in administration of justice by the country lawyer. He says Lincoln was an "all-round lawyer," but not a "village lawyer." Lincoln's law work included both petty cases and important matters.

Lincoln's law career started in March, 1837, in Vandalia, Illinois. He was twenty-five years of age. After practicing with John Todd Stuart and Stephen T. Logan, Lincoln during 1845 brought in William Herndon as a partner. Duff says he does not know why, as his opinion of Herndon

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appears less than nil. He considers this a complex Lincoln enigma. Herndon was a windbag with none of the customary inhibitions, he states. The law office of Lincoln and Herndon was messy—not merely dusty, but so dirty that seeds which had fallen from a desk actually sprouted on the floor.

The author depicts well the difference between early nineteenth-century legal practice and the treadmill efficiency of the modern law factory. In preparing his pleadings “the simplest words in the simplest order, and not many of them,” represented Lincoln’s rule from the beginning of his legal career. Lincoln’s admonition in pleading a case was “to never plead what you need not, lest you obligate yourself to prove what you can not.”

Mr. Justice Douglas of the U.S. Supreme Court in the Simms Memorial lecture at the University of New Mexico on March 15, 1960, spoke of the need to protect rights of the downtrodden. This type of problem drew Lincoln’s attention. Thus in 1839 Lincoln offered his services free to a group of actors to have an exorbitant tax rescinded. This spirit eventually brought Lincoln the designation of “the great humanitarian.”

The McLean County tax case, in which Lincoln appeared for the Illinois Central Railroad resisting an attempt of McLean County to levy a tax on the road’s property, is memorable in Lincoln’s career. Lincoln frequently sought retainers in a manner contrary to present-day legal ethics. In this case Lincoln first solicited employment to represent the county, and not having received a reply, approached the railroad. Under its state charter the company was exempt from all taxation other than its

“charter tax.” If McLean County could not be forestalled every county would pursue its tax bite. Lincoln’s theory in the case was that it was within constitutional power of the legislature to make an exception from the rule of uniformity in taxation to commute the general rate in return for a fixed sum or proportion of the taxpayer’s earnings. Lincoln had to sue for his cozy \$5,000 fee.

In the Reaper Case Lincoln was referred to by Edwin M. Stanton, one of Lincoln’s co-counsel, as “that long-armed baboon.” As a result of Stanton’s attitude, Lincoln was dropped from the case. Lincoln, nevertheless, later appointed Stanton Secretary of War, remarking that Stanton was “a great man; even if he knows it.”

Author Duff thinks the Effie Afton case was Lincoln’s best. Rights to maintain a bridge were at issue. The Effie Afton, fastest side-wheeler on the Mississippi, burned as it struck a pier. For months Lincoln studied the case from all angles. Lincoln appeared for the defense, asserting that the accident could not have occurred but for negligence in handling the Effie Afton. He reminded the jury that plaintiff had the burden of showing that the bridge constituted a material obstruction and that plaintiff had managed the boat with care and skill.

The “Almanac Trial” showed Lincoln at his sharpest in cross-examination. Lincoln, hooking his fingers under his galluses, took out after the chief prosecution witness with seemingly casual questions. The moon was shining brightly overhead at the time, the witness declared “a dozen or more times.” Lincoln then produced an almanac for 1857 showing the moon was low in the sky, within an hour of setting.

Lincoln as a lawyer had his faults, but blended in him were the qualities of greatness in a lawyer. And as a lawyer he developed the lucidity of expression and unforgettable prose for which he is noted.

—*Arie Poldervaart*

Law Librarian for the College of Law at the University of New Mexico, Arie Poldervaart is the author of *Black-Robed Justice* (UNM Press, 1948), a history of the administration of justice in New Mexico from the American occupation in 1846 until statehood in 1912. He is currently preparing a New Mexico Probate Manual for publication.

LORE OF THE CALIFORNIA VAQUERO, by Arnold R. Rojas. Fresno, Calif.: Academy Library Guild, 1958. 162 pp. \$3.75.

It is very seldom indeed that in our century any encouragement is given to "old timers" to write down their memories. Quite often, present-day professional students of history disregard the importance of these memories as history. The pity, then, is that not all decades can produce a Hubert Howe Bancroft who, however contemptuous he and his agents might have been, had the foresight to begin collection of personal history data of *unimportant* people. In a small way, *Lore of the California Vaquero* is such a collection of memories.

Arnold R. Rojas, a self-educated man, spent most of his life working on California cattle ranches. He grew up around men who had handled cattle all their lives, so it was only natural that he should know their ways and stories, and that he should be part and party to others.

In the beginning years of Anglo-American California, most cattle ranches, and particularly the vast San Joaquin holdings of Miller and Lux, hired only California-Mexican vaqueros . . . They were considered the finest horse and cow men in the

world. The tradition continued until the land crash shortly after World War I. These are the times in which Rojas' stories take place.

It is a shame to see a book badly edited. Here is a man who, rich in the knowledge of his trade and region, attempts to write down what he has heard and seen in his time, but by the lack of organization, good sentence structure, and consistency, his stories fall flat, and therefore have no real meaning as to why they were written. The fault lies not in the author but in the editors.

—*Ynez G. Haase*

Miss Haase, who has done research at the Universities of New Mexico and California, is at present engaged in geographical research work for an oil company in Buenos Aires.

AVICENNA AND THE VISIONARY RECITAL, by Henry Corbin. Trans. by Willard R. Trask. New York: Pantheon Books, 1960. Bollingen Series LXVI. 423 pp. \$7.50.

Written for the Iranian National Monuments Society on the occasion of the Millenary of Avicenna, celebrated in Teheran in 1954, this unique and absorbing tome is the newest in a long series of publications edited or composed by the French Orientalist, Henry Corbin, on Islamic Mysticism. Interest in this theme resurged when, in the course of his work in the Library of Aya Sofia, a lucky error in a shelf mark brought Professor Corbin a Persian treatise on Hayy Ibn Yagzan, hitherto not unknown in the original Arabic, with a commentary in Persian.

Combined in one perspective with the two mystical treatises which Avicenna wrote at the end of his life; namely, "On the Birds," and "The Allegory of Salaman and Absal," the author seeks to elucidate

the inner progression which makes Avicenna's mystical experiences one organic whole, a trilogy. His scholarship is thus attempting to serve the two-fold purpose of stripping the great Islamic thinker from the rational armor in which Latin Scholasticism clothed him; and outlining a phenomenology of Avicennan mystical symbols in their Iranian context.

This, Professor Corbin proposes to do, not by causal explanation, a method in regard to which he confesses great skepticism. History of ideas and biographical data, he tells us, could explain the philosopher Avicenna, but not what the Avicennan experience may convey to us. The path followed in this study is one of exegesis in terms of internal evidence. The pace is further set by the choice of title terms. "The Cycle," that is to say, the organic trilogy, "Of the Avicennan Recitals." Re-cite is used here to signify putting again in the present, existentially and at a particular moment.

The book is composed of a preface to the English translation by the author, and of two parts. Part I appeared first in 1954 and consists of 270 pages. It treats of Avicenna's philosophical situation in detail, delineating discursively and critically his Angelology and Celestial Spheres. Considerable intellection has been exerted here in an attempt to divine and carve an Avicennan phenomenology of mystical symbols. This then is projected as the vehicle for the dramaturgy of the mystical path of Oriental Philosophy of Illumination "Ishraqi." The adept here feels the urge to transmute his being, on condition of practicing his Oriental Wisdom, from the Occident, horizon of matter, strife and darkness, to the Abode of the Illumination of Glory and of the Sovereignty of Light in the Orient. The

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translated text of each of the recitals of the cycle accompanies the stages and ranks of this transmutation.

Part I also includes an epilogue on Avicennan Perspectives; and a postscript on sequels on the Avicennan Oriental Philosophy.

Part II was published first in 1952. It contains 110 pages and carries the translation of the Persian commentary on the treatise of Hayy Ibn Yagzan which was located by Professor Corbin in Istanbul some years ago.

Although we feel at odds with the theme and suggestions of the prominent author, he is to be admired for his untiring and rich erudition in the field of Islamic and Oriental Mysticism. This recent contribution is undoubtedly incisive and will exert considerable weight in determining whether Avicenna was a Rational Mystic or a Mystical Rationalist. The abstruse nature of a completely new attempt to re-create Avicenna in terms of his now Zoroastrian, now Ismailite illuminative secret, could be appreciated only in terms of the formidable, almost insurmountable hurdles which Professor Corbin must needs clarify or remove, ere he expect a harvest.

The reader is left with the awareness that such hurdles were either dodged or ignored when the exposition pivoted on interiorization. A procedure of research such as this may serve to prove a point within the borders of a limited theme, but is scarcely fruitful or adequate when it relates to the soul and creed of the man. Surely we feel it is all the more so in Avicenna's case, since causal, historical and biographical data posit firmly factual aspects eminently opposed to the contentions of Professor Corbin's interpretations. Obvious

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citations of such aspects abide in the reproach addressed to Avicenna by the Sufis and Orientals alike for his failure to know or live the true Spring of Mystic and Oriental Philosophy. Nevertheless, the Avicennan treatises are relentlessly run by Professor Corbin through the mill of Zoroastrian interpretation, and pressed home as the "inner Secret" of the great philosopher.

Internal exegesis in the pen of Professor Corbin was capable similarly of discovering and valorizing "a central concept of Imamism" in Avicenna's philosophy. This is ventured contrary to the uncontested biographical datum which relates the vain endeavor of Avicenna's father and brother to win him over to this cult; and to the repugnancy our philosopher felt and recorded in his biographer's Notebook towards this cause.

The central biographical enigmas concerning our Islamic thinker are varied and multiple. Conjecture and faint proclivities only lure biographers to opine whether he was an Arab, a Turk or a Persian; Sunnite or Shi'ite. How far might learned interpretation, such as Professor Corbin indulges, warrant conclusions which grant the credulity of some racial stock or creed?

Such patches are not numerous in this research, but central and obdurate withal. When supporting evidence lags, Professor Corbin finds it handy in the dreams of theosophists to imprecate indictments on Orthodoxy (page 244); but when the very same source which sustained him happens to be unequivocal on a fundamental point contrary to the taste of our author, he is too free in dismissing it as a sample "of how accountants reason!" (page 248)

But this is, by no means, to deny the author the sense of marvel and fascination

which his comprehensive analysis invokes in the student of ideas. An enthusiast would do well to remember that this sketch had been solicited from the writer with particular urgency at the commanding circumstance of the Celebration of Avicenna's Millenary in Iran. Historicity, for this reason, was not the main point of view; nor is an exhaustive bibliography of the subject to be sought in this particular work. The value of Professor Corbin's attempt lies in the lucid insight he employs into the esoteric philosophies of the Ishraqi, Ismailite and Shi'ite mystics. His exegesis is vivid and alive; and his style throbs with sensitivity to the logic of ideas of Avicenna's Angelology, Psychology, Metaphysics and their correlatives in the Islamic legacy, which went to cement the edifice of Thomistic philosophy and Dante's divine poetics. Here is a study of abundance and profundity that cannot fail to prove rewarding to the student of Greek and Scholastic thought.

In citing this credit and tribute to Professor Corbin, recognition is also due to the keen and perceptive skill with which Dr. W. Trask rendered the translation from the original French.

—Zuhdi T. Faruki

Dr. Faruki is on the staff of the Department of Philosophy at the University of New Mexico. He is the author of many books. At present, he is engaged in preparing a history of Islamic philosophy in English.

A WINTER COME, A SUMMER GONE: Poems —1946-1960, by Howard Moss. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960. 163 pp. \$3.50.

I had just finished reading a collection of some of our more turbulent young poets, when I picked up this latest volume by Howard Moss. What a contrast! This man

looks quietly, but with power and depth, at his world; his lines move gracefully, at times sardonically, in subdued but precise metaphor while he describes and probes the emotions of the reader and himself.

As I said, Mr. Moss presents a contrast today. Indeed, he might travel under the label of a "traditional" poet (and they are rare enough, by themselves). But the label would be misleading—as such labels usually are—because in his lines are to be found enough experiments in rhythm and sound to keep any reviewer busy for many months, even years. He draws your interest, this man; and his book—*A Winter Come, A Summer Gone*—is a book that I, personally, shall come back to read often.

Here are some reasons why: in his poems, he has well-crafted lines that speak, that do not seem placed upon the page simply to demonstrate an ability to smash an idol or to prove a discipleship to one academic school or another. There is a little refreshing bite of honesty to the words he uses.

Central to his method is argument and ironical contrast, the twists and turns induced by his confronting of the twin-faced worlds of illusion and reality. "... He came upon the two worlds he had not known:/ One was his being, one his mind let go/ Until the light would take blue from the snow." These lines are from "A Winter Come," the first poem in the book, as are these following:

So winter is a world where appetite
Grows bolder by necessity, where the fox
Betrays his fable, and the cold unlocks
Stiff beggars from the doorways. Time grows old
In the knuckles of an old man blue with the cold.

On the other hand, some of the poems

show a certain lack of uniqueness; one misses, somehow, the final and unmistakable signet of the artist finished and unapproachable. It is somehow as if the poems, through the control exercised in their making, had lost a fragile something that would have transformed them from "competent" to "great."

Mr. Moss's control, however, is not strangling, merely restricting; all of the poems are much worth reading, all complete in themselves. In the sense that poetry is the most precise, and thus best describes the "real," language with which man can speak of things lying beyond the material world of science and measurement, the poems in this book also chart, with semi-mathematical certainty, the explorations and questionings of a concerned and participating craftsman.

True, there are few mentions directly of the incidents, the concepts, the actual tragedies that so trouble and perplex our times; but the details of even world-smashing incidents have been of importance to the poet only as the shown symptoms of a general, more central unrest. The true politic, the final poetic diagnosis, emerges from the study of that inner cause: man as he is and as he is not. Perhaps, then, Mr. Moss takes the best position a poet can take: he searches beyond the symptom to find the root of the cause. Having perceived that, he proceeds to find method and place of combat. So, anyway, his work appeared to me.

—Keith Wilson

After some years as a technical writer at Sandia Corporation in Albuquerque, Mr. Wilson is now teaching English at the University of Arizona. While in Albuquerque, he was one of the founders of a small poetry magazine, *Targets*.

SAINTS IN THE VALLEYS, by Dr. José E. Espinosa. Introduction by Fray Angelico Chavez. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press, 1960. 136 pp. \$6.50.

The University of New Mexico Press has published the most recent volume on our locally produced sacred images of colonial and early territorial times—*Saints in the Valleys* by Dr. José E. Espinosa.

Certainly, ample reasons exist for another effort in the enticing realm of *santo* literature. First of all, discovery of new documents is always welcome to serious students. Then there is also real need for quality photographs which would trace both the historic record of dateable *santos* as well as the stylistic evolution of their creators. In the third place, and as our most serious hiatus in studies of New Mexico religious folk art, is the void of original socio-anthropological interpretation. Such cultural considerations are an abyss which in the past have induced vertigo even in Spanish-Catholic writers of "great devotion."

The major contribution made by Dr. Espinosa, it seems to me, is his useful compilation of familiar documents, *santeros* and their craft techniques. Regrettably, few new facts are presented and several isolated statements are questionable, as another reviewer accurately pointed out in the August issue of *El Palacio*. Fully half of *Saints in the Valleys* methodically describes methods of *santo* making, lists artisans and records historic references as well as standard bibliography. Nevertheless, our first proper goal for the *santo* researcher—new documents—still awaits fulfillment.

In the study forty-seven plates act as visual aids. Careful scholars may wish that larger scale and sharper illustrations were felt to be essential. Although we may not ask the author to acquire art historical skill in stylistic analysis, he might have made available a more complete photographic record of New Mexican *santos* for the self-edification of others. Often, too few examples of known *santeros* are shown in order to determine their personal traits, verbal descriptions always remaining inadequate in such cases. In addition, through pictorial omissions, such as the copies made from Plate 3, "Nuestra Señora del Pueblecito," in the Museum of International Folk Art, direct foreign sources may seem less certain than they actually are. In short, I feel that this volume does not come off as a visual reference, which its size suggests; and it therefore fails my second aim proposed to *santo* students—the complete photographic enlightenment of *santo* history in New Mexico.

Dr. Espinosa, on the other hand, may never have intended his work for an "art book." Rather, he may have aimed at probing sociological import of New Mexican *santos*, the third and most proper goal of current investigations. As the full title states, these figures are to be examined "in the history, life, and folk art of Spanish New Mexico." The author began by laying an admirably relevant historic preamble to *santo* craft in New Mexico. Spanning an entire third of the text, the well-known struggle for survival from early Spanish exploration to American acquisition four hundred years later is set forth with fine selection and organization. This historic documentation of *santo* usage in New Mexico is next augmented by thirty-seven pages of photographs and classification of *santeros* and their methods of image making.

At this instant we come to what should be the focal chapter, "The saints and their

images in New Mexican life," and we anxiously scan its seven short pages. First, we note familiar claims of *santo* veneration, not worship, bestowed by New Mexican folk and, in turn, *santo* denigration by clergy and collector. We miss, however, an account of uniquely colonial holy images such as San Acacio, whose iconographic significance the author is possibly planning to probe in a second volume.

In these few pages, Dr. Espinosa comes very close to what I believe to be the real sociological function of our local *santos*. In contrast to sophisticated feelings of religious veneration, the author has shown us that these figurines were duly chastised, broken, discarded, burned and finally sold or traded in accordance with psychological and economic pressures on colonial Hispanic folk in New Mexico. Through documents Dr. Espinosa has also demonstrated that the ecclesiastic attitude toward *santos* was hardly more respectful than secular sentiment. Although a few padres, such as Father García, cited from the 1776 Domínguez report on page 23, actually created a few statuettes, the later Catholic clergy left a record of destruction due largely to their own insipid esthetic standards. Having gone this far, the author leaves final conclusions to whatever powers of logical deduction his reader possesses.

At least one conclusion, I feel, may be extrapolated by a critical audience. In isolated New Mexican villages in the last quarter of the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth centuries, uneasy thoughts and untrained hands fashioned images which served as fetishes, that is objects which could be activated by prayer or punishment. This fetish role of home-produced images explains conflicting treatments which they suffered—provisional protection by peasants as well as eager elimination by ecclesiastics.

In conclusion I believe that Dr. Espinosa has performed a worthwhile service for students of New Mexico *santos*. We now not only have detailed, if undeveloped, information on ethnic behavior patterns affecting these artifacts of Spanish-colonial culture and its residue in early Anglo times, but we have also gained a very neat arrangement of most currently available data concerning our "saints in the valleys."

—Richard E. Ahlborn

Research Fellow at the Museum of International Folk Art in Santa Fe, New Mexico, Richard Ahlborn holds a Bachelor of Fine Arts from the University of Colorado and a Master of Arts in American Studies from the University of Delaware. From 1958-59, he was in the Philippines on a Fulbright Fellowship, and from 1959-60, he studied at Yale University on a Yale Fellowship. (One of his courses was taught by George Kubler.) He has published in several Philippine periodicals on Spanish-colonial arts: architecture, furniture and sculpture.

THE INDIAN JOURNALS, 1859-1862, by Lewis Henry Morgan. Ed. with an intro. by Leslie A. White. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1959. 318 pp. \$17.50.

Picking up this first edition of the Morgan *Journals* is like examining a new line of cosmetics at a department store counter. The packaging is so arresting that the customer may forget to examine the contents.

The contents, when inspected, are rich and delightful. If the reader has the physical strength and agility required to peruse a volume that measures 10 by 11 by 1½ inches

when closed, and opens to reveal three columns of type to the page, let us hope he also has the visual skill to distinguish between text and picture captions. If his endurance equals his physical equipment and both are sustained by his interest, the same reader will gain much from his first-hand acquaintance with one of the prophets of American anthropology.

Lewis Henry Morgan, a Rochester, New York, attorney, would be called a social scientist, if not actually an "action anthropologist," today. He was a field worker. He was not satisfied with reading about Indians, or with listening to lectures about them from experts. He was not even satisfied with sending out questionnaires and compiling statistical information from the forms that were returned to him. He left his comfortable home, his wife and children, and he went out to learn for himself, directly from the Indians, whatever he could about their ways of life, their beliefs, and their customs. His travel and research took him far beyond his United States: up the Missouri, out onto the Plains, and then further; to the Basin-Plateau region, the Pacific Coast, and the inland course, remote even today, of the Red River of the North.

For Morgan was a man with a theory. Unlike many of the historians and "natural scientists" of his day, he did not believe that American Indians had come to the Americas from Egypt by way of the lost continent, Atlantis. He believed they had come from Asia, and not by way of the other lost continent, Mu. Rather, said Morgan, American Indians were the descendants of successive waves of migrants, who had left different parts of Asia, at different times, but within the present geological period. Like his twentieth-century American followers he mourned that the peoples of interior Asia were inaccessible to him, cut off by geographic and political barriers. All the same, Morgan proved his point. All serious research on the subject since his day has re-proven it.

As a writer on travel, Morgan stands comparison with his contemporary, John Lloyd Stevens. True, Stevens' travels took him to remoter places; he was a romantic and an adventurer, not a social observer and commenter. But Morgan was aware, as Stevens was, of places and the people who lived in them; the splash of an otter by a riverbank; the turn of a hawk's wings as the bird wheeled against the sky were to be noted with the activities of missionaries and Army officers. In the course of recording Indian social data no one else set down before or since, Morgan can pause to tell us how the black walnut grows beside a Kansas stream, or to describe a rickety wagon, its crow-bait team of oxen, and the two high-spirited young men, "brown and brawny, 22 and 25 years old," who had started out with this equipment to travel from Massachusetts to Iowa to Pikes Peak and who did it. He can quote the riverboat man who said, "'By G—d, this is the biggest damnd'st country in the whole world,'" with humor and sympathy for the man's astonishment at his first glimpse of the Nebraska prairies.

It is striking that Morgan's work on the Cheyenne, while it is not so intensive as his work on the Iroquois, is perceptive and amazingly complete. He could not be said to have worked with the Cheyenne as he worked with the Iroquois, yet he gives us the fundamentals of a Cheyenne ethnography in perhaps twenty pages. And the Cheyenne were only one of the tribes he observed, and on whom he made notes, now irreplaceable. This

reviewer is truly sorry that Dr. White, in editing the *Journals*, saw fit to excise much of this material, which would be invaluable to other anthropologists working with the same tribes a century later.

Another surprising editorial fact is that this reviewer has been unable to determine, from reading the introduction and notes to the *Journals*, where they are now, how they came into Dr. White's hands to be edited, and what final disposition is planned for the original documents. Surely this would be a story worth telling, editorially?

Most of the illustrations in the *Journals* have been reproduced before, in other works. It is always pleasant to meet old friends in handsome new clothes. An exception is the James Otto Lewis plate of the interior of a Sioux tipi, contemporary with Catlin's and Bodmer's paintings of earth lodge interiors, and of equal importance as the earliest detailed study of a tipi interior. Seating, of hosts and guests in relation to the tipi door; costumes; hanging of weapons and other belongings from the tipi poles, are all as one would expect. If the artist did drop birchbark containers he had brought from his recent trip to the Plains Chippewa on the floor, he did no more than the Sioux family itself might have done.

Whatever one's major field of interest in North American anthropology, Morgan has something to say to the reader, and he always says it well. The *Journals* are good reading, well worth the physical effort involved.

—Alice Marriott

Miss Marriott is the author of many books, including the popular biography of *Maria, The Potter of San Ildefonso*. Her most recent work is entitled *The First Comers: Indians of America's Dawn*, a survey of anthropology and archaeology for young adults. She lives in Oklahoma City.

A FITTING DEATH FOR BILLY THE KID, by Ramon F. Adams. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1960. 310 pp. \$4.95.

PAT GARRETT, A Biography of the Famous Marshal and Killer of Billy the Kid, by Richard O'Connor. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1960. 286 pp. \$3.95.

At the risk of creating a reputation for the surly dismissal of all and any books on the theme of the troubles in Lincoln County, let me start by saying that I have expressed, in print, great admiration for a few works on the subject, notable among them W. A. Keeler's *Violence In Lincoln County, 1869-1881* (U.N.M. Press, 1957). I say this to prove a point: that it is not beyond the capacity of a researcher to produce a worthwhile book on this theme which does not place undue emphasis on Billy the Kid and yet treats that over-rated little horsethief fully and accurately. It is on occasions like the writing of this review that one longs for the cynical wit of a Mark Twain or a Dorothy Parker. These are, historically, two books for the rapid-forgetting treatment.

Mr. Adams, from his imposing list of fly-leaf credits, is a talented bibliographer with some worthwhile books-about-books behind him; he has made a lifelong love affair with Western literature pay a handsome dividend as an author. *Fitting Death* is not really a book about the Kid so much as a book about books about the Kid—going over a great

deal of the ground so ably covered by J. C. Dykes in his 1952 *Bibliography of a Legend* published by the University of New Mexico Press. It would not be fair to dismiss Ramon Adams as a historical researcher; but it is, one feels, fair to dismiss him as a contributor to the factual truth about Billy the Kid. In rapid succession, he examines dime novels, newspapers, magazine articles, paperbacks, other biographies, and the reminiscences of old-timers, presiding over the festivities with an Olympian air, and interpolating—sometimes correctly, sometimes not—innumerable and confusing corrections. Indeed, the author's errors are as much due to his own inconsistency as to his lack of acquaintance with the accurate and reliable writings on the subject. His statement (p. 23) that no one has ever denied that the Kid killed Beckwith is an instance: not only does he doubt it himself, but he does so without referring to the testimony given at the Dudley Court of Inquiry which established that Billy had been long gone for maybe ten or fifteen minutes when Beckwith was shot. Similarly, Adams opines that the trouble between Chisum and the Seven Rivers ranchers was not a part of the later troubles, although he had only to read some of the less-quoted but much more accurate writings by Rasch and Keleher to see that this is as wrong as any statement so sweeping could be. Early in his book, Mr. Adams states unequivocally that he intends to lay once and for all the ghost of "who killed John Tunstall." I am still waiting, as I am waiting for him to get around to saying anything new on the subject of Billy the Kid. Anyway, as soon as I see a professed historian writing about the activities of *Hendry Brown*, I think it forgivable if I sort of—pardon me—snort.

However, if I snort at Mr. Adams, with what do I express my opinion of a writer of the caliber of Richard O'Connor? In far too rapid succession, this author has given us a fair biography of Bat Masterson, a mediocre one of Wild Bill Hickok, and now comes up with an absolutely abysmal one of Patrick Floyd Garrett whose personality, from this book, is about as vivid as the north end of a southbound steer heading into the breaks in a blue norther. In other words, a little hazy. This so-called biography is so sketchily researched, so poorly written, so pregnant with the most shattering errors, that a contemptuous dismissal is a compliment which it does not merit. To begin with, more than the first half of the book is taken up with the career of Billy the Kid, and most of the remainder examines the Fountain case. The reader is left to sort out Garrett's career from this extraneous makeweight and at the same time contend with a crop of errors of which these are but a few of the more glaring ones: that Murphy died just before the "three-day battle" in Lincoln; that Mrs. McSween brought the first piano to Lincoln (groan!); that Jim and not Ab Saunders was wounded when McNab was killed; that William, not A. L., Roberts was the Ruidoso farmer whose killers consisted of a group of men whose names have been "partially forgotten"; that Garrett was collector of customs at El Paso when John Wesley Hardin was killed there; and so on. You want more? Colonel Dudley's career was not ended by his participation in the Lincoln fracas; the Harrolds were not so called; Murphy did not come to New Mexico with the California Column; Jim East was not sheriff of Tascosa in 1877; Billy the Kid did not kill a man for insulting his mother. Ah, but why go on? It's obvious that Richard O'Connor has used as his sources writers like Burns and Raine and O'Connor. He has not even approached, much less read or been guided by, the less

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easily obtained pamphlets by Rasch, in particular, which make it so easy for the reviewer to cut to ribbons such lousy historical reconstructions as this purported life of Pat Garrett.

You may feel that these reviews are too general; that they do not bolster their own opinion with sufficient documentation of the errors which are the chief cause for complaint. Perhaps this is true; perhaps one should go into endless detail and catalogue the multiplicity of error which abounds in both books, but the task is difficult with Mr. Adams, and beyond the capabilities of any man now living as far as Mr. O'Connor is concerned. I think I can truthfully say that it takes a pretty bad book on Lincoln County to truly bore me, for my interest is genuine and (I hope!) constructive. Nevertheless, Mr. Adams came perilously near to the mark with his *Fitting Death*, and Mr. O'Connor's *Pat Garrett* was not only unreadable, but inaccurately unreadable.

Total cost of these two books is nearly nine dollars. Think of all the *other* books you could buy with nine dollars! Or better still, do it.

—Frederick W. Nolan

Associate editor of Corgi Books, the English branch of Bantam Books, Mr. Nolan has long been interested in the American West. He is active in the British corral of the organization known as the *Westerners*, and UNM Press will publish the journal of John Tunstall, which Mr. Nolan has edited and annotated.

THE GILA TRAIL: The Texas Argonauts and the California Gold Rush, by Benjamin Butler Harris. Ed. and annot. by Richard H. Dillon. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1960. 190 pp. \$4.00.

On December 7, 1848, the famous tea caddy of gold dust from California reached Washington, D.C., and touched off the Westward rush of the forty-niners. One of the first caught in the stampede, a young Virginia-born lawyer, on March 25, 1849, took down his shingle in Panola County, Texas, where he had been practicing, and struck out for Dallas. His purpose in going West, the lawyer said, was as much to escape East Texas' malarial fever as to discover California's gold. In Dallas, where he observed the forerunners of Neiman-Marcus fashion plates (men dressed "a la Indian in frontier buckskin suits"), the lawyer joined Captain Isaac H. Duval's fifty-two-man party that, on April 10, 1849, departed for Sonora, California. The Texas

"Argonauts" traveled by saddle horse and pack mule to El Paso, cut south into Chihuahua, turned north into present-day Arizona, and followed the Gila River (hence the title, *The Gila Trail*) to California. After harrowing experiences with nature (especially drought) and Indians (primarily Mangas Coloradas' Apaches), they arrived September 29, 1849, at the mines.

Forty years later, the lawyer—Benjamin Butler Harris—wrote his memoirs. His manuscript—revealing a man of remarkable memory, of intelligence and humor—remained virtually unnoticed, however, for nearly seventy years. Now, resurrected from the Huntington Library and edited by Richard H. Dillon, it appears as the thirty-first volume of the University of Oklahoma Press' notable American Exploration and Travel Series.

Appropriately, Harris' memoirs have been sub-titled *The Texas Argonauts*, because rather striking parallels, other than

the natures of the quests, exist between the Texans' search for gold dust and Jason's mythological search for the Golden Fleece. There is, for example, in Captain Duval, the expedition leader who later won fame as a Confederate Army officer, the counterpart of Jason; and there are the raw Irishman, "Nacitosh" Sutherland, who squares with Hercules, and the brothers, John and William Ayers, comparable to Castor and Pollux. Then, as the earlier Argonauts were befriended by fierce inhabitants of Lemnos, the Texans received succor from savage Indians. The friendly Maricopas, described by Harris as the "sturdiest, lustiest race of Indians yet seen," in fact, are reminiscent of the statuesque Amazons encountered by Jason. But, above all, *The Gila Trail* is the story of Benjamin Butler Harris, who in recording it followed in the tradition of Appollonius of Rhodes, chronicler of the quest for the Golden Fleece. After making the trek to the gold fields, Harris fought on the side of the Confederacy in the Civil War, served a brief term as president of a Baptist university at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, married, and returned permanently to California.

Besides shedding light on one group of Texas forty-niners, Harris' memoirs present new material on such important early Californians as Major James D. Savage, Judge David S. Terry, and John Joel Glanton. And, refreshingly, *The Gila Trail* does its work in a literate fashion. As editor Dillon notes, only minor editorial "surgery" has been performed, even with respect to spelling corrections—a fact alone quite startling when one recalls a journal such as Jacob Fowler's that misspelled "difficulties" twelve ways.

The librarian of the Sutro Branch of

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the California State Library and the author of *Embarcadero* (New York, 1959), Richard H. Dillon has done a generally creditable job of editing Harris' manuscript. There is a paucity of East Texas historical references in the bibliography, which lists only *The Handbook of Texas*, a notable general reference, true, but lacking in the detail of a work such as G. L. Crockett's *Two Centuries in East Texas* (Dallas, 1932). And perhaps this accounts for one of the few minor errors in the annotations—the statement that the first white settlers arrived in 1833 in Panola County, where, actually, the first house is known to have been built in 1819. In almost every respect, however, Dillon's work is first-rate.

—Edwin W. Gaston, Jr.

Author of a forthcoming UNM Press book, a critical survey of *The Early Novel of the Southwest*, Dr. Gaston is Associate Professor of English at Stephen F. Austin State College in Nacogdoches, Texas. He has worked with Texas travel material and folklore. Currently he is at work on a full-length study of contemporary Southwestern literature.

THE TROUBLESOME VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN EDWARD FENTON, 1582-83, ed. by E. G. R. Taylor. New York: Cambridge University Press, 1959. The Hakluyt Society, Second Series: No. CXIII. 390 pp. \$6.50.

In the English-speaking world the exploits of the Elizabethan sea dogs have always been seen through a haze of romance. The Spanish point of view was something else again, but equally romantic in its own way. This chapter of maritime history has yet to be presented in all its dimensions, for many otherwise sober scholars have failed to free themselves entirely from the glamor of the legend. Like most human documents, the narratives

published in the magnificent collection of *The Principall Navigations, Voiages and Discoveries of the English Nation* were often colored by motives of private or national interest. Richard Hakluyt himself used the editorial blue pencil whenever he felt that publication of all the facts might not be expedient.

Gradually, however, long-neglected Spanish, French, and English sources are receiving more of the attention justly due them. Antonio Rumeu de Armas has perhaps made the most extensive use of the materials stored in Spanish repositories in his volumes on John Hawkins and on naval activity about the Canary Islands, without neglecting the traditional English sources; and the Hakluyt Society has published several volumes of translations of Spanish documents gathered by Irene Wright and others.

The Troublesome Voyage of Captain Edward Fenton contains all the surviving records of an unsuccessful English venture, hitherto known only from Luke Ward's account, published by Hakluyt in 1589. The ostensible aim of this enterprise was to establish an English trading base in far Cathay. Once at sea, however, Fenton's grandiose schemes for rivaling the successes of Sir Francis Drake in robbing the Spaniards began to leak out. But Fenton had no qualities to inspire men to follow him wherever his fancy led, and his arbitrary and vainglorious conduct resulted in desertion and chaos. The documents, impeccably edited by Miss Taylor's master hand, record the events that led to the humiliating failure of the expedition and the feelings of some who took part in it.

For the general reader, the interest of the whole is greatly enhanced by excerpts

from the diary of Richard Madox, Fenton's chaplain, who did not live to see England again. "Madox's nature shines through his Private Diary—a perceptive observer of his fellows . . . a man of firm Christian principle, who could yet relish seaman's humour and tell a broad anecdote with zest; outspoken in his judgements of others, but generous and peace-loving; an intelligent, curious, and articulate man, with a trained and well-stored mind . . ." Madox was indeed a great diarist, and we hope, with Miss Taylor, that someone will soon see fit to publish a complete edition of this delightful document.

—Eleanor B. Adams

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FRAY JUNÍPERO SERRA, O.F.M., or the Man who Never Turned Back (1713-1784), by Maynard J. Geiger, O.F.M. Washington, D.C.: Academy of American Franciscan History, 1959. Monograph Series V, VI. Vol. 1, 448 pp.; Vol. 2, 508 pp. \$12.00.

"The New World was as much of an adventure for the missionary friar as for the soldier at arms." This monumental biography of the Majorcan Franciscan who founded the missions of Upper California is a fitting illustration of France Scholes' observation. The life of the documentary historian is not always so unadventurous as some may think. In his search for every scrap of writing by or concerning Serra that has survived, Father Geiger traveled more than a hundred thousand miles on two continents, and much of the two hefty volumes of *The Life and Times of Fray Junípero Serra* was written "along highways and byways, in obscure towns, in metropolitan centers, in missions and monasteries, where Serra had lived." The story of Fray Juní-

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pero's career survives in the innumerable bundles of aging paper his biographer has studied so thoroughly. In re-telling it, he has "tried to capture the atmosphere of Serra's day in describing the geographical setting and in reconstructing the social and religious, political and economic, as well as the institutional spirit of which he was a living part." Fortunately Father Geiger is too sound a scholar to allow his own emotions and ways of thought to distort the picture, and he has made good use of this technique to illuminate it without succumbing to any temptation to render it in glorious technicolor. As Serra himself once wrote: "What I saw with my own eyes, I described as such; and what I heard from others, I described as I heard it." A happy combination of learning and enthusiasm have resulted in an honest, complete, and absorbing account of one of the outstanding figures in North American mission history, to be read with profit and pleasure by the scholar and general reader alike.

—*Eleanor B. Adams*

Research Associate in History at the University of New Mexico, Eleanor Adams is co-author, with Fray Angelico Chavez, of *The Missions of New Mexico, 1776*. Currently, she is working on a descriptive history of New Mexico in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

BAROQUE TIMES IN OLD MEXICO, by Irving A. Leonard. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1959. 269 pp. \$6.50.

There was a time when the Baroque Age in Spain was considered the epitome of all that was exaggerated, grotesque, and diseased in art, literature, architecture, and the other fine arts. However, beginning with approximately the tercentenary celebration of the death of Góngora, held in 1927, an intensive re-evaluation of the

period has led most critics to alter their positions. What has been achieved by critics of the Spanish cultural scene for the period in question Professor Leonard has done for Mexico in this book. It used to be practically axiomatic that if Spain was in a cultural decline during that difficult period, Mexico was little more than a pallid reflection of the worst elements of what little culture remained in Spain. It is to be fervently hoped that Dr. Leonard's book will dispel that illusion once and for all. An age which could produce a Sor Juana or a Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora is far from insignificant.

It must be remembered that Western European civilization had been functioning in Mexico and amalgamating itself with the native cultures for almost a century before Jamestown was founded in 1607. The first flush of enthusiasm brought on by the Conquest had begun to die down before the seventeenth century got under way, and as Professor Leonard points out, the external events of that century were not striking; however, history does not cease in the absence of striking political events, and the seventeenth century represents a long consolidation of gains culturally and economically significant in Mexico before the decline of Spanish power which was ushered in by the accession of the Bourbons to the throne in 1700. Dr. Leonard's book bears the subtitle "Scenes from Life in the Seventeenth Century," and against a background of the internecine social, economic, religious, and political turmoil of the age, he introduces some of the customs and characters who made Mexico what it was. The author covers everything from the reading habits of the Mexicans to the influence exerted by the Inquisition on

the daily lives of the inhabitants, the social conflicts brought on by the Spanish-Creole-Indian-Negro-Mestizo elements in the society, and the public literary events. A large part of the book is taken up with a description of the literature of the period, and a vivid description it is.

This book is extremely difficult to review, because it is impossible to give any adequate idea of its contents in a few words: it covers a great deal of territory, none of it superficially, and the reader is left with a strong impression that he has been there and participated in the daily life of the Mexican Baroque Age. The clear style of the book, however, does not minimize the impeccable character of Dr. Leonard's scholarship. It is not often that a book appears which is satisfactory to both the scholar and the general reader; but this one happily belongs to that number.

—J. Robert Feynn

ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL AND THEIR AMERICAN DOMINIONS, 1500 TO 1800, by George Kubler and Martin Soria. Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1959. 476 pp. \$12.50.

Professors George Kubler of Yale and Martin Soria of Michigan State have maintained the distinguished character of the Pelican history of art series in their 1959 publication *Art and Architecture in Spain and Portugal and Their American Dominions, 1500 to 1800*.

In nearly 120 densely written pages, and with the aid of 150 well-chosen drawings and photographs, Dr. Kubler amasses innumerable historic data in order to outline Iberian architecture and its New World interpretations. Martin Soria, employing somewhat less rigorous phrasing,

consumes 225 pages and an equal number of illustrations in surveying monuments of sculpture and painting within the same geographic limits. Although both scholars are writing under the duress of spatial restrictions, their purpose is attained with the ease of necessity. The co-authors accurately point out that "no book of the scope of this one exists in any language, and . . . students everywhere are in need of one."

Certainly one of the great pleasures in scanning this work emerges as cross-checking and locating of basic information involves the careful reader. Quick references—contents, lists of figures and plates, maps, abbreviations and 1100 footnotes—total over seventy pages; bibliography and index, an additional forty. In the text, main regional divisions are fractioned by temporal and stylistic units. For example, in the chapter on architecture in Portugal and Brazil, George Kubler employs such explicit subunits as "Italian and Netherlandish Contributions (1580-1640)" and "Unified Naves and Cellular Envelopes (1640-1720)." In a similar section on sculpture, Martin Soria discerns "The Joanine Style (c. 1715-35)" in Portuguese stylistic shiftings from Baroque to Neo-Classicism. Despite buffetings by these huge quantities of art-historical fact, we are repeatedly stabilized by comparisons and relationships drawn by the co-authors in their scholarly passion for organization.

Volumes of such an intensity as *Art and Architecture in Spain and Portugal* may become dry and tedious. However, the varied tonality of literary styles exploited by Professors Kubler and Soria insures their work against this fate.

Local readers of *Religious Architecture of New Mexico* (1940) already know how

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Dr. Kubler can write with exactness and careful hypothesizing. In his current effort we detect an even greater directness and brevity. Obviously, George Kubler cherishes absolute accuracy in phraseology so as to achieve the fullest description possible in the briefest space. As we might also expect, nomenclature is punctilious and demanding. Finally, through precise definitions of regional and individual styles and lucid categorization of their sources, Dr. Kubler offers his most strikingly original contributions to studies of Iberian Renaissance building.

Next, we come with some preconceptions to the portions written by Dr. Soria—sculpture and painting. At first we note, and may regret, the lack of Kublerian, detached description. However, at least three adequate reasons exist for the more subjective approach of Dr. Soria. In comparison to architecture, the pictorial arts of Spain and Portugal have accrued a far greater quantity of historical groundwork in the form of published researches. Secondly, the creators of these arts—Berruguete, El Greco, Velázquez, Ribera and Zurbarán—are more familiar to most of us than the equal talents of architects Guas, Toledo and Tomé. And then we might also admit that representative sculpture and painting induces a more immediate emotional response than classical façades of eighteenth-century town halls. With this final psychological advantage and with so many facts about his popular topic nearly common knowledge, Dr. Soria understandably becomes an enthusiastic cicerone. *Santos* at San Benito in Valladolid are seen as “symbols of consuming emotion, contorted, writhing, tormented and trembling . . . a vision seen in a terrible dream” (p. 133).

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While varying quality in the writings of co-authors Kubler and Soria must be accepted as literary license, their view of post-Conquest art is less deserving of our condolence. For example, of what real value is the comparison, drawn by Dr. Soria, between colonial Mexican sculpture and T'ang drapery (p. 193), Japanese Nō masks (p. 181) and works by Henry Moore (p. 142)? Or is the term “Manneristic” really suited to Spanish-American painting? On the other hand, Dr. Kubler might adopt a more sympathetic attitude toward Spanish-colonial architecture, rather than branding it “weak” and “dissolved.” Have not archeology and anthropology shown us the relative if not the absolute error in criticizing non-European cultural artifacts from a Classic-oriented perspective, a slant usually distorted by the sterility of Victorian “revival esthetics”? Such critical myopia somewhat depreciates the value of this volume.

Admittedly, *Art and Architecture in Spain and Portugal* was not designed for the layman of passing interest and limited academic preparation. Casual readers, seeking a comfortable review of Iberian Renaissance arts, may find this tome a trifle tedious. Nevertheless, serious students, requiring a considerable quantity of well-organized facts and suggestions, should discover in this joint effort a major reference source of grand convenience for a long time to come.

—Richard E. Ahlborn

APACHE, NAVAHO AND SPANIARD, by Jack D. Forbes. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1960. 330 pp., illus. \$5.95.

This book is a chronological account of interaction among Spaniards, Apaches,

and other Indians living in what is now the southwestern United States and northern Mexico between c. 1535 and 1698.

Data gleaned primarily from Spanish documents have been used to support the contentions that, before Spanish contact, Apache-Pueblo relations were essentially peaceful and symbiotic, and that the advent of the Spaniards, especially the settlers of 1598, upset an existing equilibrium and was thus a prime cause of Apache aggressions. The evidence shows that even after Apache-Pueblo relations in general deteriorated, some Apache groups continued to maintain close friendships with some Pueblos; it was Spanish oppression, far more than Apache raids, that brought the Pueblos to grief.

Forbes has made several incidental contributions by using old information to new purpose. For example, he points out that the execution of Juan Archuleta in 1643 automatically places this soldier's expedition to El Cuartelejo before that date—a fact of considerable interest to students of the Plains. Moreover, Forbes' footnote commentary on Juan Amando Niel represents a long-overdue exposé of that writer, who has misled many a student.

Throughout most of the book, Forbes refers to the Mexican Border Tribes and the Texas Jumanos as speakers of Athabascan without qualification, citing his earlier discussion of the subject in *Ethnohistory* (Vol. 6, pp. 97-159; 1959). Although this is not a review of that article, it should be pointed out that most of the Spanish references which serve to link the Border Tribes and the Jumanos with Apaches could reflect Spanish recognition of "political" affiliation and/or intermarriage on the part of these groups.

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In speculating on Southern Athabascan origins, Forbes aligns himself with those who prefer to believe that the Apaches were in the Southwest long before the Spaniards arrived. Further, he questions the view that the Apaches migrated from the north. The literature bearing on these questions is not adequately represented either in the text or in the bibliography: therefore the reader should investigate the matter for himself, or at least defer judgment.

Forbes' main thesis, however, is valid and his book, because of its potentially wide distribution, should serve as a much-needed corrective to the belief that the Apache was, in the period discussed, primarily an aggressor and the scourge of the Pueblos.

—Dolores A. Gunnerson

A Ph.D. candidate in anthropology at the University of Utah, Mrs. Gunnerson now lives in Belmont, Massachusetts. She has published in *Nebraska History*, *Prairie Schooner*, and *El Palacio*.



STANFORD SHORT STORIES 1960, ed. by Wallace Stegner and Richard Scowcroft. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1960. 177 pp. \$2.95.

"That sense of power arched and violent, yet suspended"—in its image of equestrian magnificence Joanna Ostrow's "A Decision to Withdraw" provides a monument to the high art of fiction practiced at Stanford. Were the stories not arranged alphabetically, according to author, Miss Ostrow's own surely would be among the foremost. Her contempt for "the Money" and his wife, presumptuously preparing for an Olympic *dressage* beyond their compre-

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hension as well as their prowess, finds justification in her narrative's properly fierce, rhythmical shape. Stanford fellows often are chosen for the promise of mutual provocation which their personal variety can provide. But here an authenticity of more than private detail and specialized lore emerges: that wise accuracy which proceeds only from whoever, while training a horse, trains himself and so trades pretension for durable self-appreciation.

The same certainty of experience held accountable after long vigil shines through Tillie Olsen's "Tell Me a Riddle." Cornered by death and its demands for assessment, a bickering old couple find in themselves sufficient human resource. During the agony of his wife's last day, Granddad is begged to "come back and help her poor body to die," on the promise that some more incorruptible self had already recovered, in memory, the day "when she first heard music." The narrative style is as cunningly incoherent as that passionate inarticulateness which so well defined Mrs. Olsen's earlier story, "Hey Sailor, What Ship?" (*Best American Short Stories of 1957*). With the precision of a James Agee, she resorts to poetic utterance to express her characters' half-stifled outcry, their primitive truth. All living things inform against the turned down hearing aid: the grandchildren's attendance on Disaster Day, the "Rosita" cookie commemorating the Mexican newly-dead, the closeted child, fugitive recollections of prison camp, the tape-recorder inner monologue. The meaning of life is in its being lived. And the author's power comes from the respect she gives her characters' truth of experience.

Several other stories aspire to the magnitude and control of these two, and a few

approach them. Olympia Karageorges' "Career" alternates between local appeal (the Greek family in Egypt) and sentimentality (the farmed-out servant's child) perhaps because the point of view is too autobiographical to be characterized objectively, until the last ironic moment. John Waterhouse's "The Small, Gentle House of Bertram Camm" (the bully sent to frighten Camm from his property is routed when spit defiles his boots) and Robin MacDonald's "A Red, Red Coat" (an idiot girl looses his ferrets on a tubercular who has dared to compare their needs) suffer from too little interim reserve of insight before the strong tolling of their endings. Yet their undeniable seriousness makes them superior to the tabloid unsubtleties of "Martin Fincher, Tripod Man" or the coy-comic inflation of "The Baseball Business" and "The Pride of Scotland," hand-me-down jokes.

Least understandable are the inclusion of two selections from student novels whose windy rambling not only contributes nothing instructively to the solution of short fiction's problems but is unforgivable in the company of Tillie Olsen's novelette, in which no word is wasted and every nuance of sound or image is an opportunity. It must be little consolation to such novelists-by-default and by-attenuation, if Mrs. Olsen's story is so incomparable that even she must sometimes despair of its duplication.

—Leonard Casper

THE LANDSCAPE AND THE LOOKING GLASS: Willa Cather's Search for Value, by John H. Randall III. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1960. 425 pp. \$5.75.

Because John Randall III lingers over alleged "local color" in *O Pioneers!*, the

only Willa Cather novel which he can admire, the reader is less outraged to hear *Death Comes to the Archbishop* classified as a sentimental novel. By then he has been acclimated to the critic's limitations—naïvete, impatience, cocksureness, self-paraphrase.

In *Death Comes to the Archbishop* the Jesuit missionaries are scolded for not being wholly ascetic: they like their native soups and cathedrals. Are they genuine pioneers; are they good enough Catholics? Randall's measure leaves no room for human complexities. Similarly he abhors the absence of a single hero-spokesman, since elsewhere he has relied on extensive quotation as if to trap Miss Cather into self-incrimination. Perhaps because he interprets the novel's values as "hierarchal, feudal," and these are antagonistic to his own apriorisms (Randall's preference for eighteenth century analogies betrays an optimistic rationalism), imagery of inundating light becomes pointless; tissues of legend and historic present, a pattern of irrelevancies.

In *The Professor's House*, Randall is more sympathetic to compositional use of "Tom Outland's Story." Yet he is unimpressed by the Indian cliff-dwellers' intimate culture. And because he cannot accept nostalgia as a legitimate, nonsentimental judgment of contemporary conditions, scandalized he diagnoses the professor's willingness to die as the consequence of either spiritual pride or the male climacteric.

The Southwest seems to have only literary existence for Randall even though, after six months in Arizona and New Mexico, Willa Cather surrendered her adolescent illusions about the urban East, and wrote *O Pioneers!* Randall talks of "vegeta-

tion rites" as if seasons were artificial importations among people of the soil. He talks of Populist folklore without acknowledging very real conditions faced by farmers who voted Populist.

Above all Randall talks of how Willa Cather reveals her bluntness, arrogance and lovelessness in her novels. Yet whatever her nature, theirs rarely lack subtlety or a sense of agonized struggle for a coherent, constant vision. Is her "masculinity" fundamental to any consideration of more than personal components and counterforces in her books: the tremulous mutual identification of self and multigeneration family (or the Catholic church); the survival of sensitivity within modern masses; the attempt to reconcile spontaneity (American opportunity) and tradition (cultivated European talent)?

The logic of experience requires fluctuations in author and character wherever such human decisions are in process. Surely they are preferable to the inflexible disdain of their textbookish critic.

—Leonard Casper

The University of Washington Press recently released Dr. Casper's study of Robert Penn Warren: *The Dark and Bloody Ground*. Associated with Boston College, where he teaches English, Leonard Casper has taught creative writing at Wisconsin, Cornell, the University of the Philippines and at Boston College. His short stories have appeared in the O. Henry and Martha Foley anthologies of the best short fiction.

ROBERT PENN WARREN: *The Dark and Bloody Ground*, by Leonard Casper. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1960. 212 pp. \$4.75.

When he retired from the Yale English department in 1956 to devote himself en-

tirely to writing, Robert Penn Warren had reached a goal that in academic literary circles is regarded as virtually impossible of attainment. His Vanderbilt colleagues of the 'twenties, however, should not have been surprised; such men as John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson, Andrew Lytle, and Cleanth Brooks (none of whom have been able to give themselves to full-time writing) had early marked in "Red" Warren an unusual talent and a compelling power. From those early days, when the thin, awkward Kentucky boy drew a protective sponsorship on the Vanderbilt campus, he has indeed, in line with many predictions, made major achievements in literature.

Though his career by no means seems near conclusion (he is fifty-five and just last year published his sixth novel, *The Cave*), it has been defined with enough consistency for Leonard Casper to survey its large lineaments with some certainty. In his recently published volume *Robert Penn Warren: The Dark and Bloody Ground*, Mr. Casper views with understanding the world Warren creates and details Warren's progress toward the full realization of that world in each genre he has essayed. Author of six novels, three volumes of poetry, two volumes of short stories, a collection of critical essays, several dramas, histories, and biographies, and seven textbooks, Warren has won prizes, Literary Guild contracts, and the Pulitzer award. Two of his novels have been made into movies. All his work has met with unusual financial success. Yet he is not really a well-known writer outside the literary world. Nor, despite his obvious largeness of scope, his philosophic depth, and his excellence of technique, has he been given a place of high honor by critics of BOOKS

fiction. Mr. Casper would account for this oversight by the general critical incomprehension of an important element in Warren's work, an element that provides the title for the present volume: Warren's world is a world of violence, a "dark and bloody ground." On its most literal level, this phrase is the Indian name for Warren's native state of Kentucky. Yet, in a deepening pyramid of meaning, the troubled land can be seen to be the South, America, the modern world, and finally the human condition itself. In Warren's work, violence is a necessity; it is, as Mr. Casper writes, "token for the individual's laboring emergence from and through his circumstances, the struggle of each man for self-consciousness."

From Warren's earliest Fugitive poems, his biography of John Brown, his early novels *Night Rider* and *At Heaven's Gate* through his more fully realized works—some of the *Selected Poems*, *All the King's Men*, *World Enough and Time*, and *Band of Angels*—he has been striving to know his own vision; for, as Mr. Casper rightly indicates, writing is for Warren a cognitive process. Thus the struggle for identity on the part of the creative artist is related, in Warren's mind, to the same struggle in all men. It is a struggle to acknowledge and confess sin—the sin of existing, the sin of separateness—and through that confession, to move on toward expiation and redemption. In a sense, as Mr. Casper makes clear, Warren's reading of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is of crucial importance in the interpretation of his own work.

Mr. Casper speaks of his book as a "map" of Warren. It should be a valuable guide to the student of Warren's work, as

well as to the reader who knows little of him or, perhaps, who understands little of the Southern temperament. Its "narrative briefs" are accurate and helpful, its commentaries clear, its bibliographies full. One could wish it less gnomic in insight and more conventionally expository in style, as one could desire perhaps a wider perspective than the merely modern one it provides for viewing Warren's world. But, despite these shortcomings, *Robert Penn Warren: The Dark and Bloody Ground* is a sympathetic and intelligent interpretation of an important writer who has been hugely influential on all fronts in American letters.

—Louise Cowan

Chairman of the Department of English at the University of Dallas, Dr. Louise Cowan is the author of a critical history of the Fugitive movement, published by Louisiana State University Press.



Doubleday & Co. has announced the opening of its second annual Catholic Prize Contest. Offering prizes in three categories, fiction, biography and non-fiction, the contest seeks to encourage authors and to stimulate interest in all fields of Catholic writing. The contest is open to all authors, new or established, Catholic or non-Catholic, writing in the English language. Granted at the judges' discretion, each of the three awards provides \$5000 as a guaranteed advance royalty against the author's earnings. Further details may be obtained by writing The Doubleday Catholic Prize Contest, in care of Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.



One of the strangest publisher's addresses, or so it must seem to those accustomed to New York 17, New York, is that of Dale Stuart King, whose books come from Six Shooter Canyon in Globe, Arizona. One of Mr. King's latest releases is *Meet the Southwest Deserts*, by Philip Welles, illustrated with photographs by Marvin H. Frost, Sr. Priced at \$1.00, the paper-backed volume illustrates the curious and varied plants and animals to be found in desert lands below 4,500 feet elevation. Other titles from Six Shooter Canyon include *Frontier Military Posts of Arizona*, a concise and colorful history of the 46 military camps and forts built in Arizona Territory to subdue and control the numerous Indian tribes . . . from 1849 to the surrender of Geronimo in 1886. Priced at \$1.00 in paper, it is the work of Ray Brandes, Curator of Collections, Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society. *Old Father, the Story Teller*, also published by Mr. King, is the work of well-known New Mexico Indian artist, Pablita Velarde. In it, she tells and illustrates six tribal legends. The book is a handsome, big package, 9 inches x 12 inches, with a full cover painting on vinyl cloth in boards, five full color paintings and eight smaller ones; three black-and-white illustrations. The price is \$7.95. It is to be hoped that Mr. King, or some other far-seeing publisher, will secure the rights to Pablita Velarde's paintings of the story of the Christ Child, which added to the luster of December, 1960 *New Mexico Magazine*. These would make a unique and lovely seasonal title for some Southwestern publisher.

THE GAZABOS, 41 Poems by Edwin Honig. New York: Clarke & Way, Inc., 1960. 66 pp. \$3.00.

The stone lion of the title asks its riddle as you go in and answers, in its own final poem, as you go out. And it isn't just the fact that in summer houses or through winter windows we look out at a Happy Hooligan world only to see ourselves. That is much of what we've seen inside the book, a place of a different architecture.

Inside, as through shards of wall and greenery, is an aquarium world peopled with deathly silences. A world where the fish look back at you and know you—striking down in one glance an age's pitiful plea for a togetherness it thinks it doesn't have.

A world where the end is mere flesh of the beginning. What you look at is fraught with what you're soon to see:

A shaggy sea-wet islet pauses tideless
Under two hawks hovering. A dim
Washed heaven blue surmounts the wordless
Morning, its weighty world-wide asking trimmed
Down to summer silence. Was paradise
Like this before the need arose for it. . . .

(from "Jawing of Genesis")

Let's say, that in a world of piercing silence, vision is peripheral. And recall that it's peripheral vision that catches whatever's not coming straight at us:

WHAT'S GOOD WAITS LONG

What's good waits long, but no longer,
To burst like a night star when the eye
Happens to lift from another engagement,
Accidentally, but fitly (for the moment
Is ripe: if it must be at all, it must be
Now, no later) and lingers where
It happened, seeing nothing, not even
The unexpected passage, which
Was all that really happened,
Of a now cold unaccountable star.

Peripheral vision is most acute when center vision is momentarily blank, focused on blankness. The eyes straight ahead and still, not working to adjust and assimilate. It gives the sides their chance. And wonders happen. Ghosts if you like, or unremembered images. Or the shadow that defines the substance. For example, if you paint a picture in two close pure colors, then put a piece of white paper in the middle of it and stare hard at the paper for a while . . . when you look aside at a blank space of wall you'll see your painting in its true (not technical) complementary colors. A lot of this goes on in these poems.

And a lot that contradicts it.

Take as theme the author's view of La Fontaine:

Such things are fables made of, mortal
beasts corraled in sudden clearings
till the moral closes jaws
upon us, poor unwitting morsels.

(from "Reading Miss Moore's La Fontaine")

Well, most of his poems also are fables, fables of change from seem to be. Less told than painted. Landscapes of identity. Under a darkening surface strong forms dart and swim, only to recede at last and fix themselves into a picture. The wild spin of a thing revealed—achieved. Achieved with power and responsibility. But finally still. In a rush of hard g's, captured and titled.

It's not simply a matter of whether you like this or not. Edwin Honig has "an ability to close up his poems . . . an ingredient without which there can be no major poetry." Says Oscar Williams on the cover. I say that these days only in mathematics do equations liberate. The poems themselves say they don't like it. Being asked to do their job twice, or serve as lintels for a last line. (Compare "Sleepers" with "A Passing Snowbird Asked"; or see what happens in the final stanza of "A Beauty that Rages".)

Is experience so much a thing to be learned from? Or isn't that insistence finally the power of reduction—the power that tires and starves us?

The answer is half a yes. The other half belongs to its opposite. So halfway, then, the drawstring insights starve the poems, eat off their greenness. The greenness that is there, line by line, image by image. So much seeing along the way of the poem that it either dwarfs the final unifying pressure or is robbed by it.

There's a point at which action is reduced to style. In our poems as in ourselves. And where cast of mind, what we are, regrets its limited waters and flings elsewhere, only to give new fish the old name.

For instance in these poems from time to time you feel the poet's attraction to the substantives of antiquated slang: dago, gazabo, runt. Strange fish that don't swim naturally in the speech of this book. A reaching outside for images from a world where the poet felt but never fraternized. And yet it's exactly here that he makes his crucial statement:

I saw them dancing,
the gazabos, apes of joy, swains of
their pocket mirrors, to each a world:
a dancing, a gallumphing, a guzzling
of themselves . . .

Friends, multi-
tudes, oh lifelong shadows: are
you my filth, my worn out longings,
my poems that dog me
till I die?

(from "The Gazabos")

In the end the power of his feeling—the *personality* of it—prevails. The damndest things get assimilated! Not that the ambivalence doesn't remain. But the cumulative effect generated in the book works to make the ambivalence more apparent than real. Or so I think. As I think the individual reader's reaction to this central circumstance will largely govern his evaluation of the work.¹

For myself, the book less creates an aura than is one. The aura I tried to set out early in these remarks. It remains a world of dark silences despite the glint of word and tumble of image. Many of the poems explicit in thought, seem in remembrance wordless. Or a single poem may be a wonder of sharp depiction (e.g., "Do You Love Me?"), yet it joins in defining shadow. As if what the poet is talking about is not what he's finally saying. Or as if his is the painting I lift my eyes from to see in a stare the complement.

Finally then, the poems together are something else than the poems apart. And they make a sum beyond 41. Which means he has done the unusual in poetry collections—he has made a book.

I think this is a pertinent sample from it:

SPEECH

In the weedy gardens of October, rattling
the dead leaves, the dead come calling,
bringing their dream:
an afternoon wine through which
we breathe ethers of sun setting.

They wreath round us the probing haze
and in us press vineyards of their
lost knowing: a last
late cry, a tired glow
is groping, clings, breathes up and clears

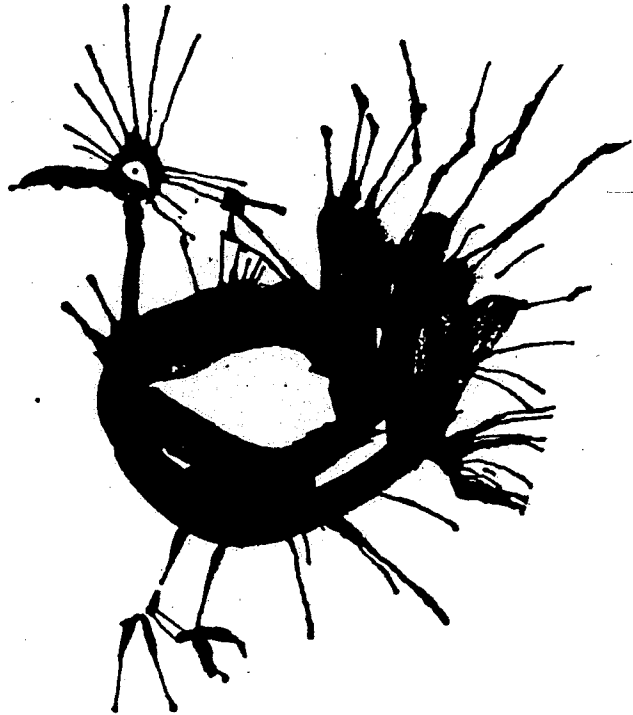
The silent wall as faintly in us
unborn children creep,
crawl up to breathe
this wine, this haze, this seeth-
ing dream of almost knowing.

Who if not they, borrowing our being—
the dead alive, the unborn
living—reach out,
almost bestow us, unwished
cradles and small crude tombs?

—Kenneth Lash

Mr. Lash is teaching literature and art history at California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco. He is a former editor of *NMQ*. His one-act play, *The Collectors*, will be produced by the Actors Workshop in that city.

1. For a different view of Edwin Honig's poetry, see *NMQ*, Vol. XXV, Nos. 2 and 3 (Summer-Autumn, 1955), 253-51.



Francisco Toledo Nolasco

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THE STRUCTURE AND DYNAMICS OF THE PSYCHE, by C. G. Jung. Vol. 8 of the Collected Works. New York: Pantheon Books, 1960. Bollingen Series XX. 606 pp. \$6.00.

The completed edition of eighteen or more volumes of the Collected Works of C. G. Jung will represent the most definitive source of Jung's writings in English. It will contain revised versions of earlier writings, works not previously translated and works originally written in English.

To return to Jung after a lapse of several years is to realize again how diversified are the interests of such a mind and how challenging the ideas it creates. One really ought to put in some serious training before renewing contact. An ideal way would be to study the major religions and their beliefs, the history and significance of symbolism, cultural anthropology, the philosophy of science and all available studies of psychic phenomena. If one has previously studied such things, then a refresher course is required. The breadth of the associations, the wealth of allusions to mysticism, religion, culture and symbolism and the striking erudition of Jung are without equal in the realm of psychology. Consequently, it is impossible to evaluate such writings, such theorizing, within the normal context of evaluation in psychology. The writings of most contemporary psychologists are markedly empirical and their contributions can be evaluated against the canons of scientific methodology and procedure. However, Jung is at one and the same time a poet, a metaphysician and a psychologist. The psychologist can only

be evaluated within the many other facets of his personality. To view the psychologist independently is to lose the man.

The present volume contains eighteen essays of highly diversified content dealing with such topics as psychic energy, instinct and the unconscious, the place of the heredity concept in psychology, dream psychology, the soul concept, psychic phenomena and death. These essays are organized around three major essays first published in 1928, 1946 and 1952, respectively. These are entitled, "On Psychic Energy," "On the Nature of the Psyche" and "Synchronicity: An Acausal Connecting Principle."

The first of these three essays deals with Jung's libido theory, one of the primary reasons for the intellectual divorce of Freud and Jung. Here, Jung defends his position and clarifies it for his critics, clearly indicating how it resembles that of Freud and equally clearly how it is differentiated from Freud's position.

"The defect of the Freudian view lies in the one-sidedness to which the mechanistic-causal standpoint always inclines, that is to say, in the all-simplifying *reductio ad causam*, which, the truer, the simpler, the more inclusive it is, does the less justice to the product thus analyzed and reduced."

And later: "Sexual dynamics is only one particular instance in the total field of the psyche. This is not to deny its existence, but merely to put it in its proper place."

For Jung the distinction between his viewpoint and that of Freud is not simply a matter of relative emphasis on the significance and meaning of sexuality. It is primarily a matter of approach to events. Having first distinguished the two varieties of approach, he classifies that of Freud as mechanistic-causal and his own emphasis as energetic-final.

The second essay, "On the Nature of the Psyche," is an excellent summary of the basic theoretical position of Jung. With a plethora of illustrations from religion, anthropological data and symbolistic studies, Jung clarifies and defends his notions of the unconscious, its relationship to consciousness, the collective unconscious and the archetypes. The reader who is meeting Jung for the first time might benefit from reading first the short but brilliant exposition of Jung's position by Frieda Fordham (a Pelican Paperback). Her work, in the opinion of the reviewer, represents the best available preparation for a study of Jung's writings. However, it should not serve as a substitute, indeed it cannot.

The third major essay is perhaps the most controversy-arousing of Jung's career. Jung's concept of "Synchronicity" and his discussion of the phenomena of extrasensory perception undoubtedly will attract the attention of the lay reader. The concept of synchronicity is sufficiently complex to be outside the scope of the present review. He maintains that "synchronistic events rest on the simultaneous occurrence of two different psychic states. One of these is the normal, probable state (*i.e.*, the one that is causally explicable), and the other, the critical experience, is the one that cannot be derived causally from the first." However, Jung's ready acceptance of the findings of Rhine and colleagues, the so-called extrasensory perception research, is somewhat surprising. His claim that "up to the present no critical argument that cannot be refuted has been brought against these experiments" seems rather extravagant. Apart from the classic critiques of Wolffe

and Gulliksen in the late 30's (which the reviewer believes are still valid), what of Price's recent (1955) analysis of such experimental evidence? Most psychologists do not take the position that extrasensory phenomena do not exist: they merely assert that adequate scientific evidence to support such phenomena does not yet exist.

In conclusion, as always in reading Jung, one is both stimulated and somewhat exasperated. So many valuable insights are coupled with so many unanswered questions, statements that are based on evidence with statements that are matters of faith.

—Edward Nolan

A native of Scotland, Dr. Nolan was graduated from the University of Edinburgh in 1952. He came to the U.S. in 1952 as a Graduate Fellow in Psychometrics at Princeton University, where he completed his M.A. in Psychometrics and his Ph.D. in social psychology. He has been Assistant Professor of Psychology at the University of New Mexico since 1957. Together with a colleague, he is preparing a book for Charles Merrill Co., entitled *Contemporary Areas of Psychology*.

ANGIENT BALLADS TRADITIONALLY SONG IN NEW ENGLAND, ed. by Helen Hartness Flanders from the Flanders Ballad Collection, Middlebury College, Vermont. Critical analyses by Tristram P. Coffin. Music annotations by Bruno Nettl. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1960. 344 pp. \$10.00.

Two areas in America are notable for their preservation of ancient folklore from the British Isles: the Southern Appalachians and Upper New England. Having remained relatively isolated from the main currents of industrialism, they have come to be considered in the twentieth century the principal depositories of traditional literature of British origin. One of the forms of such literary expression, the traditional ballad, is the subject of *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, Vol. I, compiled and edited by Helen Hartness Flanders of Springfield, Vermont.

Mrs. Flanders ranks among the primary collectors of traditional ballads in the English language, having given us in recent years *A Garland of Green Mountain Songs*, *Ballads Migrant in New England*, *Vermont Folk-Songs and Ballads*, and other works on the ballad in New England. In these and in her latest work she has ably pursued an editor's interest in British balladry that in itself follows a tradition among English-speaking people, dating from unknown monastic scribes of the thirteenth century who copied down ballads of religious theme, through Thomas Percy and Joseph Ritson of the eighteenth century and Sir Walter Scott and Francis J. Child of the nineteenth century. The Flanders Ballad Collection at Middlebury College contains some nine thousand traditional songs.

This book is Volume I, of what, it is hoped, might ultimately be a series of volumes representing a variorum of ancient British ballads collected in New England. It follows the Child system of numbering and arrangement of ballad titles, letters being used to identify individual New England variants of each ballad. Volume I includes ballads 1 through 51 of the total 305 in the Child collection. The tunes are definitively annotated

with a system of letters and numbers by musicologist Dr. Bruno Nettl to show variants of tonal theme and to give an exact representation of the nuances of tone that singers of folk-songs convey in their individual renditions.

One of the most valuable features is the series of critical analyses by Tristram P. Coffin, who is given too little credit. A vast amount of scholarship has gone into the terse paragraphs appearing at the beginning of each ballad chapter, which review the history of each narrative in European and American folklore along with important similarities of variants. These are written with a continuity remarkable for an area of scholarship that so frequently defies coherence. It is one aspect of the book, apart from the ballads themselves, which certainly should appeal to those with casual interest in ballads as well as to the ballad scholar.

It is particularly interesting to compare ballads of New England to those of other regions in America. We of the West and Southwest live on the fringe of British balladry. The only significant depository west of the Mississippi river is the Ozark Mountain area, populated by folk predominantly of Appalachian ancestry. The British ballad moved into the forested eastern portion of Texas with the pre-Civil War advance of the cotton plantation economy, but it did not move in significant numbers onto the cattle-ranching plains of West Texas. It did not move west of the Ozarks into Oklahoma. Belden's collection shows it in Missouri, but it did not move westward into Kansas. So the line of demarcation goes northward. Except in isolated instances of informants moving from the East, British ballads have not been found in the Pacific Far West as literature of oral tradition.

What of the region in between—the Ohio and Mississippi river valleys? The British ballad has been found in abundance in these areas, as indicated by the collections of Eddy in Ohio, Gardner and Chickering in Southern Michigan, Brewster in Indiana, and Hudson in Mississippi. Certain distinguishable trends can be noted in ballads from these collections when compared with the Child ballads. The same trends appear, but with less frequency, in those of the Appalachian—New England East. There is a tendency to reduce the supernatural element in the Child ballad to more realistic terms; the profound tragedies of unrequited love are often de-sentimentalized; and a thread of humor is interwoven through most tragic motifs. A variant collected by Louise Pound in the Middle-West presents the tragic scene between Barbara Allen and Sweet William in the following way:

He stretched out his pale white hand,
Expecting to touch hers,
She hopped and skipped all over the floor,
And said, "Young man, I won't have ye."

Sweet William died on Saturday night,
And Barbara died on Sunday,
The Old Woman died last of all,
She died on Easter Monday.

Although this tendency to reduce the tragic and noble to the humorous and common-

place is not lacking in *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England*, the editors lament its presence and wish for the purer Child ballad motif, as in the following comment on *Old Bangum* (Child 18, *Sir Lionel*):

... it is surely a classic example of degeneration through oral tradition. Left from the old tale of the damsel in distress, the ravaging ogre, and the courtly challenge is only a Crockett-like burlesque of the backwoods.

On the contrary, it is not a degeneration at all. It is the natural process of oral tradition manifesting itself. Compare the above comment with the atmosphere of high good frontier humor described by John Lomax when he collected *Old Bangum and the Boar* in Texas, in which Old Bangum is made to appear a silly old codger riding out to fight for his young girl friend, and we observe an example of the basic differences between balladry in the East and West. *Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England* is not to be interpreted, therefore, as being representative of British ballads throughout America, but we are nonetheless pleased to welcome it as one of the best of regional collections.

—Norman (Brownie) McNeil

President of the Texas Folklore Society from 1946-49 and Field Collector of Folksongs for the Library of Congress in 1941, Dr. McNeil is Professor of English and Foreign Student Adviser at Texas A&M College in Kingsville. Publications of the Texas Folklore Society have included his studies of the British ballad in the Middle West and Mississippi Valley and of the *corridos* of the Mexican border. His second recording (the first album is out of print) is entitled *Folksongs by Brownie McNeil*, and is available from Sonic Records in Austin, Texas.

A CORRESPONDENCE OF AMERICANS, by Jack Hirschman. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1960. 60 pp. \$2.75.

Jack Hirschman's *A Correspondence of Americans* is an interesting first book of poems, interesting because it is its own demonstration of the youthful poet searching for himself through a developing sense of the language. And if the search has led him to the writing of a number of good poems, such poems have come about only after a struggle.

In his introduction to this volume, Karl Shapiro writes that "The poet who has evolved his own particular version of the language is ultimately the only interesting poet. . . . I am not talking about 'style,' which is usually no more than a polite variation of the norm, but of invention itself." He means, of course, that Hirschman is such an inventor. Yet surely invention and style go together; surely style, when we recognize it, is that mark of the writer who is able to achieve his own means of grasping and expressing reality. The main weakness of this book, then—and a weakness which is also a delight for the curious reader—is the presence of two styles. For some of the poems ("Calligraph," "Tornado," "To Butler Waugh," "David and Saul") are written in one way, others ("Ikon," "2 x 4," and some sections of "The Bestiary") in another. And the two styles communicate themselves through two different voices: one is calm and orderly, revealing

the speaker behind it by focusing upon a place or person or object; the other is disruptive and chaotic, displaying itself by focusing upon itself.

"Calligraph" is a good example of the first. Here is the poem:

Her hair hysterical, thrown back at the sight
Of the rose my throbbing boyhood brought,
Incensed, how the man in me leaped from my blush
And struck a trembling smile upon her mouth,

And how, drawing a tattered kimono close,
With fingers soft as pounded paraffin,
She bent and lifted up a thin-necked vase
To put the flower in.

The phrasing, the diction, the rhythm, even the general feeling—each of these moves in and through a voice which is essentially concerned with something other than itself. But the poet can lose control, can allow his voice to waver: the first section of "Impressions in the Perfect Tense" begins "I have the two buns again / For your sleeping cheeks, / Bought in the dawn's bakery." Alas.

Perhaps this explains why—in order to check himself, in order to avoid such a naive and sentimental perception, Hirschman often writes in another style, and one which is clearly obvious in such a poem as "Ikou," written about Allen Ginsberg. The first stanza

His howl grabbed me by my high intangibles;
His humor, of the ghetto-American, riddled
Me silly as Fosdick of the cops
My gassy dialectic escaping to be filled
By dancing inbetween despairs, and flops.

is more sudden in its movement than is "Calligraph," there is a deliberate use of slang (and a playing with the words *howl*, *gassy*, *flops*), and the language is in a struggle with itself, sometimes becoming abstract. Often, too, such a voice takes on the qualities of other voices—Thomas, Yeats, and Hart Crane are present in some of the other poems. But they are finally discarded.

And having discarded them, the poet is able to find his most persuasive speech in pieces like "The Free and the Lonely," "A Marriage of Death and Love," "Bill Sheridan," and "A Correspondence of Americans." The beginning of part V of the title poem seems to indicate an attempt to bring together some of the aspects of the two earlier styles:

Our images, Jim, have come to the ice
Left in once drunkenly lifted cups.
In the slow dissolutions, crystal clear,
Faces are staring, of infinite failure, up.

You at the other end of the inevitable bar
Extending crosscountry, the picketed harbor
Of your eyes; and, picketed, I at the other,
And inbetween all our mad specters:

Hirschman's poetry, it seems to me, has led him on a journey which has taken him away from—and brought him back to—himself. When he craftily gives his love over to his wit, when he looks hard in the mirror and shows us what he sees (in a language often forced and overpowering itself), his poems are failures. But when he breaks the mirror or looks through it, when he tempers his desire to fight with the language by overpowering it in the way a jujitsu artist overpowers his opponent, his poems are successful. Then we hear and feel a voice whose expression creates a lasting correspondence between poem and reader.

—Philip Legler

Teacher in the English Department of Illinois Wesleyan University, Philip Legler formerly was associated with New Mexico Highlands University in Las Vegas. During the summer of 1961, he will work and write in Taos, on a grant from the Wurlitzer Foundation.

Two new monographs of interest to the anthropologist and archaeologist are *The Great Kivas of Chaco Canyon and Their Relationships*, by Gordon Vivian and Paul Reiter, and *Table Rock Pueblo, Arizona*, by Paul S. Martin and John B. Rinaldo. The Vivian-Reiter publication surveys and describes the excavated great kivas of Chaco Canyon, in San Juan County, New Mexico, and on the basis of several excavated examples, attempts to define the architectural characteristics of the great ruin. There are a number of photographs and charts. It is Number 22 in the monograph series published by the School of American Research and The Museum of New Mexico. The price is \$2.50.

The Chicago Natural History Museum published *Table Rock Pueblo, Arizona*, as Volume 51, Number 2, in its Fieldiana: Anthropology series. In 1958, Rinaldo and Martin excavated a fifty-room pueblo, located on a low sandstone hill about 500 feet east of the present channel of the Little Colorado River and about one mile east of St. Johns, Arizona. The \$5.50 monograph carefully describes dimensions

and physical details of the pueblo, classifies and separates pottery types and artifacts. Maps and photographs complement the text.

Ethnologists and archaeologists will be glad to know of a new study just published by the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, Cambridge, Massachusetts: *Post-Cranial Skeletal Characters of Bison and Bos*, by Stanley J. Olsen. An osteological history of bison and bos precedes the excellent skeletal drawings by Andrew Janson.

PUEBLO DEL ARROYO, CHACO CANYON, by Neil M. Judd. Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution, 1959. 256 pp., 55 plates, 45 figures, paper. \$5.00.

Neil Judd here offers his long-awaited report on the architecture and cultural antiquities of Pueblo del Arroyo, one of the Chaco's ten major *anasazi* villages located in northwestern New Mexico. This follows as sequel to his *Material Culture of Pueblo Bonito* (1954) and brings nearer to completion a review of his operations conducted in Chaco Canyon between 1921-27

under sponsorship of the National Geographic Society.

The present work represents Judd's synthesis of the field notes and a preliminary 1926 report made by his assistant, Karl Ruppert, to whom Judd delegated direction of partial Del Arroyo excavation concurrently with the major effort at neighboring Pueblo Bonito. Ruppert's task extended from summer, 1923, intermittently through the next three seasons. During this time, 44 ground-floor rooms and 7 kivas of the main Del Arroyo unit were excavated. Judd estimates that the four-story pueblo once contained a total of 284 rooms, which, with a projected population of about 475, would make this pueblo roughly half the size of Bonito and Chetro Ketl.

Pueblo del Arroyo is D-shaped, the wings extending eastward and projecting into the connecting arc of single-tier rooms that enclose a central court. Masonry and sherd evidence, together with tree-ring dates 1052-1117 A.D., place the pueblo's period of construction and occupancy in the Classic Chaco or P. III era. Occupation covered a relatively limited span of time. Judd suggests a withdrawal of Chaco residents in the later period of occupancy, and an in-migration of people moving down from the northern San Juan country.

Architecturally and otherwise, Del Arroyo's most interesting feature of difference is a circular tri-walled complex of rooms and associated kivas, bonded into the center of the pueblo's west wall. Judd traces the relationship of this unit to similar "tower" structures found in southwestern Colorado and Utah, and marks it clearly as an importation imposed upon the Chaco culture. Ruppert's partial excavation, however, appears to have provided Judd only

enough data for meager room measurements and a cursory examination of the structure's significance. What students miss here, however, they will find in R. Gordon Vivian's *Hubbard Site and Other Tri-Walled Structures* (National Park Service, Washington, D.C. 1959). After thoroughly excavating the site in 1950, Vivian concluded that Del Arroyo's Tri-Wall, together with nearby Kin Kletso, and probably New Alto and Chiquita, "represent the climax" of a migration into Chaco of "an indigenous population with strong northern San Juan ties."

Judd uses a pottery-type nomenclature of his own, and bases his findings on the sherd analysis made at Del Arroyo and Bonito in 1925 by Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr. and Monroe Amsden.

Of 77,405 sherds taken from Del Arroyo, Judd says that 6,614, or more than 8 per cent, were Chaco-San Juan (McElmo b/w). Next in order of frequency he places Early Hachure, which appears to be the same as Gallup b/w, 4.5 per cent, and Late Hachure, or Chaco b/w, 3.7 per cent. Judd suggests that Del Arroyo inhabitants "were closer, socially and economically, to the more recent" or in-migrant "portion of the population of Pueblo Bonito than they were to the older" or true Chaco "portion, and that Pueblo del Arroyo was first of the two villages to be vacated."

On the basis of available tree-ring dates, at least, the last point is tenable. In the Tri-Wall structure at Del Arroyo, Vivian found one of five pole stubs gave a cutting date of 1109. This, with the last ring date known for the pueblo itself, 1117, compares with Bonito's late ring date of 1130. Vivian suggests, however, that the Tri-Wall pole might have been re-used, and maintains un-

equivocally that the Tri-Wall structure was built when Del Arroyo was entering a period of decline and abandonment.

Judd's report is a valuable contribution to the widening knowledge of Chaco Canyon archeology. All who are interested in that field will wish him godspeed in the preparation of his remaining material.

—*Frank McNitt*

A newspaperman currently based in Massachusetts, Frank McNitt is the author of a biography, *Richard Wetherill: Anasazi*. During the summer of 1960 he spent some time at Teec-tso-secad, New Mexico, working on a projected history of Indian trading posts.

POLITICS AND GRASS: The Administration of Grazing on the Public Domain, by Philip O. Foss. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1960. 246 pp. \$4.50.

The author is at his best in making clear the validity of his major thesis that the principal policy makers in the administration of grazing policy on federally owned range lands are Western stockmen acting through an advisory board system. There is validity to his contention that "The policies formed by this group have generally acted to perpetuate the *status quo* in range use and to maintain a minimum rate grazing fee. Unrestricted competition for the range has been eliminated but little range improvement has been accomplished."

Exception must be taken to the statement (p. 7) that "These lands have little economic value at present," in fact, it is contradicted (p. 197) by the information that in 1955 they supported over two million cattle, six million sheep and lesser numbers of horses, goats and big game as well as possessing recreational values, marketable timber and watershed useful-

ness. The idea (p. 7) that "... they will become increasingly important as agricultural technology develops and as population pressure increases" is not substantiated.

The development of forest service grazing permits is ignored, comparisons being made only of national forest grazing fees and grazing district fees.

Material in the extensive chapter on the public domain has been thoroughly covered by other writers. More useful here would have been a history of development of the local grazing customs and usages (which came to have *quasi-legal* significance) in force prior to the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934.

A list of maps, charts and tables would have been helpful.

—*Victor Westphall*

Holder of the Ph.D. in History from The University of New Mexico, Victor Westphall lives in Albuquerque. The UNM Press will publish his book, *The Public Domain in New Mexico, 1854-1891*.

TARGETS Number 4 is illustrated with the Mimbres Indian designs drawn by Harriet Cosgrove, which were reproduced in *New Mexico Quarterly* in Spring-Summer 1957 and in Summer 1959 issues. *Targets* is a new quarterly of poetry edited by W. L. Garner. Contributions of poetry and art work and subscription orders may be sent to Mr. Garner at Casabello, Sandia Park, New Mexico.



"The legal processes involved in establishing recognition of Spanish and Mexican land grants in New Mexico had as one of the results the accumulation by the federal government of a considerable body of early documents relating to New Mexico. These

documents, along with records of the Surveyor General of New Mexico and the files of the Court of Private Land Claims, are presently housed in the offices of the U.S. Bureau of Land Management in Santa Fe, New Mexico." In 1955, The University of New Mexico Library undertook the large task of arranging, filming, and indexing these papers. The UNM Press, launching its newly created Library Series in The University of New Mexico Publications, has issued *A Guide to the Microfilm of Papers Relating to New Mexico Land Grants*, prepared by Albert James Diaz. It serves as a guide, by means of four separate cross-indexes, to the sixty-three reels of microfilm on this subject in the UNM Library. Librarians and historians working with New Mexican land grant materials will find this volume a valuable reference tool. There is a particularly interesting section containing a "Checklist of Muniments of Title of the Baron of Arizona"—listing microfilm copies of the evidence introduced by James Addison Reavis in 1883 to support his claim to a huge area of land in eastern Arizona and western New Mexico. David Otis Kelley, the University of New Mexico librarian, oversees the new series.

The Harvard University Press recently released Volumes 4 and 5 (comprising Part III: United States and European Imprints) of Thomas W. Streeter's *Bibliography of Texas, 1795-1845*. This bibliography records for the first time a large number of books, pamphlets and other printed materials published in the United States and Europe in this period. During these years, Texas was first a remote province of Spain, then one of the Mexican states, and finally an independent republic. Part I of the Bibli-

ography (which is now out of print) recorded the Texas imprints, Part II the Mexican imprints. The two volumes of Part III comprise 600 pages, and the set sells for \$25.00. Thomas Streeter is a past president of the Bibliographical Society of America and the American Antiquarian Society.

Anyone interested in Western Americana should write to J. R. Reynolds, Bookseller, 16031 Sherman Way, Van Nuys, California, and ask to be put on his mailing list. Mr. Reynolds' catalogs are excellent examples of creative book merchandising. His Catalogue No. 61, dedicated to "The West and Eugene Manlove Rhodes," contains two essays by W. H. Hutchinson and W. C. Tuttle. Hutchinson, "Rhodes" scholar and book review critic for the San Francisco *Sunday Chronicle*, sums up his feeling for Rhodes in this manner:

"To me, 'Gene Rhodes has preserved for all time one brief and violent segment of the American experience—captured it forever in the clear amber of a joyous, dancing, illuminated prose."

Thirteen pages of the catalog are devoted to a selection of out of print and new writings, either by or about Eugene Manlove Rhodes, which Mr. Reynolds offers for sale. The entries are annotated, and there are sixty-five of them. Included are such Rhodes items as four 1920 numbers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, which carried a serialization of the novel, *Stepsons of Light*. And literary scholars of today might be interested in an editorial which appeared in *Collier's*, November 29, 1924. Titled "A Dear School," in it Rhodes damns F. Scott Fitzgerald's ideas on educating the younger generation!

Twayne Publishers, Inc., recently revealed plans for the Twayne United States Authors Series, books designed to present in clear, concise English the facts of the lives of the authors relevant to their literary publications and to offer an analytical-critical interpretation of their works. The series is under the direction of Sylvia E. Bowman, professor of English at Indiana University. The first books, which will appear in the Spring of 1961, are *William Faulkner* by Frederick J. Hoffman and *John Steinbeck* by Warren French.

Other volumes planned for 1961 in-

clude a new study of *Stephen Crane* by Edwin Cady, *Edgar Allen Poe* by Vincent Buranelli, *John Dos Passos* by John H. Wrenn, *John G. Whittier* by Lewis Leary. Dr. Bowman believes that the series "should serve a valuable purpose in bringing up to date much criticism about some of the moderns, and it will certainly attempt to dust off a few of the older American writers."

More than sixty books are under contract. When published, each will contain approximately 160 pages and a selective, annotated bibliography.

Head Notes

The wife of a director of World Health Organization in Geneva, Switzerland, ELIZABETH CHESLEY BAITY is a free-lance writer and journalist. She has traveled "almost everywhere except Russia and China. I have lived in South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Indonesia." Mrs. Baity holds a B.A. and a B.S. degree from Texas University for Women, and an M.A. in psychology from the University of North Carolina. Her many publications include lyric poems in *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Saturday Review*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, and in several national women's magazines; *Americans Before Columbus*, a book cited by the *New York Herald Tribune* as "best of the year"; and *America Before Man*, which won North Carolina's Mayflower Cup. Although she has lived all over the world, Mrs. Baity states that her "poetic images cluster mostly around the Southwest—desert themes. *Never Asia or Africa!*"

KENNETH BEAUDOIN works at the Complaint Desk, in the Detectives Division of the Memphis, Tennessee, Police Department. His work has appeared in *North Carolina Quarterly*, *Furioso*, *Inferno*, *Western Humanities Review*, *Saturday Review*, *The Nation*, and in little magazines in Canada, New Zealand, Greece, Italy, England, and Japan. A forthcoming collection of his poems bears an interesting title: *Memphis Haiku*. In reply to our request for details about unusual experiences, Mr. Beaudoin replied: "I am alive. That has always impressed me as being sufficiently unusual."

Formerly editor of *Poetry* magazine (Chicago) and of the University of Chicago Press, HAYDEN CARRUTH is now self-employed as a free-lance writer and editor. He has published verse and criticism in many literary and general magazines; in 1959 Macmillan published a volume of his poems, *The Crow and the Heart*. Also in

1959, he received the annual Grant-in-Aid for Poetry given by Brandeis University.

ANN DARR, a wife, mother and freelance writer who lives in Chevy Chase, Maryland, has had a checkered career. During World War II, she wrote radio scripts in New York for the Woman of Tomorrow show—"and put them on the air when real Woman of Tomorrow had her babies." After joining the WASPs (Women's Airforce Service Pilots), Mrs. Darr "check hopped advanced trainers at Army Training Base and flew B-26's towing targets at gunnery school." Mrs. Darr has an Army Instrument Instructor's Rating Card, three daughters, and a psychoanalyst husband. She is a member of Zeta Phi Eta, a group recently designated by the Library of Congress to read books for the blind and put them on tape.

Associate professor of English at the University of New Mexico, FRANKLIN DICKEY is the author of *Not Wisely but too Well*, a study of Shakespeare's Love Tragedies, published by the Huntington Library in 1957. The Winter 1960 issue of *Shakespeare Quarterly* contains his essay, "The Old Man at Work: Forgeries in the Stationers' Registers." Dr. Dickey has been a Guggenheim Fellow, a Folger Library Fellow, and in 1960 he received a Huntington Library grant.

CAROL CHRISTOPHER DRAKE was born in 1933 in Leesburg, Virginia, and was educated at Radcliffe College and at the University of Washington. Her poetry has appeared in *Botteghe Oscure*, *New World Writing*, *The London Magazine*, *Poetry*, and other periodicals, and in the anthology, *Best Poems of 1957*. She has given public readings of her poetry in San Francisco, for the Poetry Center.

Author of a book on *Unamuno and English Literature*, PETER EARLE teaches Spanish and Spanish American literature at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut. He has lived in Mexico a total of about eight years, and spent the summer of 1960 there, engaged in research on the contemporary Mexican essay.

Poems by WILLIS EBERMAN have been reprinted by the U.S. Information Service in New Delhi, India. Mr. Eberman is the author of three volumes of poetry and has published verse in periodicals here and abroad.

Assistant to the Monograph Editor at Indiana University, DAVID PEARSON ETTER graduated from the University of Iowa in 1953, having majored in English and American history. He has had poems accepted by *Poetry Digest* and *Caravan*.

JOHN GILL is an assistant professor at Ithaca College in Ithaca, New York. He holds a B.A. from DePauw University and an M.A. from the University of Southern California. His poetry has appeared in *Poetry*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Inland*, *Views*, *In-scape*, and *Perspective*.

ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY has lived in Santa Fe for the past eighteen years. Over 150 of his poems have been published in periodicals including *Harper's*, *Southwest Review*, *Lyric*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *New York Times*, and *New York Herald Tribune*.

Co-editor of *Poetry Review* (London) since 1950, GEOFFREY JOHNSON was formerly a Sixth Form Grammar Schoolmaster at Cambridge. His *Metrical Version of Vergil's Pastorals* was published in the fall of 1960 by the Kansas University Press.

A year ago NMQ published "The Wagons," R. A. LAFFERTY's first published

story. "Adam Had Three Brothers" is his twelfth. "Writing is the only vice I can afford at present, but it tends more to novels than short story writing. When I tell people that I am the author of the six best unpublished novels in the world they think that I exaggerate. It may take both time and luck to prove them wrong."

Assistant Professor of English at Illinois Wesleyan University, PHILIP LEGLER has contributed poetry and poetry reviews to *NMQ* for previous and forthcoming issues. He is at present seeking a publisher for his first book of poetry.

KENNETH A. LOHF, Assistant Librarian of Special Collections at Columbia University Library, has four published bibliographies—*Joseph Conrad at Mid-Century*, *The Achievement of Marianne Moore*, *Frank Norris: A Bibliography*, and *Sherwood Anderson: A Bibliography*. He has contributed poems to *Poetry*, *Botteghe Oscure*, *Literary Review*, *Southwest Review*, *Northwest Review*, *University of Kansas City Review*. Mr. Lohf has also co-edited the last three volumes of *Index to Little Magazines*, published in Denver by Alan Swallow.

"Delgadina," by RAMÓN SENDER, is one of a series of long and short fiction vignettes set in and around the mythical Southwestern city of Cíbola. Another work in the cycle, "The Terrace," appeared in a recent issue of *Partisan Review*. Dr. Sender is professor of Spanish literature at the University of New Mexico. Among his recent works are *Before Noon*, a novel in three parts released by the University of New Mexico Press; *Requiem for a Spanish Peasant*, a novel published in Spanish and English by Las Americas; and *La Imágenes*

Migratorias, a collection of poems issued by Ediciones Atenea in Mexico.

Poems by ELIZABETH SHAFER appeared in Summer 1959 and Winter 1959-60 issues of *New Mexico Quarterly*. She is a freelance writer residing in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Assistant professor in the English Department of Northern Illinois University, LUCIEN STRYK spent six years in Europe studying and working, and two years in Japan teaching at Niigata University. He has been fiction editor of *Western Review*, and several of his poems have appeared in magazines here and abroad.

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